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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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Fine Overcoats,	at 10.00, worth 14.00
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DREXEL'S
IMPROVED EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL
WITH CHEMICALLY PURE
HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.
— FOR —
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASES, NERVOUS DISEASES, DISEASES OF CHILDREN, WHOOPING COUGH, ANAEMIA, CHARM, GENERAL DEBILITY, ETC., ETC.

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SICK
HEAD
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Sick Headache and relieves all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
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CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.
☞Ladies waited on at their residences.
JAMES H. GANT,
Proprietor

A SILENCE BROKEN.

The summer fields bestarr'd with flowers—
The plumed grasses drenched with dew—
Serve but to calendar the hours
That space me from my past—and you.

Love, hast thou dreamed, in these gray calms
Of quiet pulse and leaden peace,
That time had brought his healing balms
And ancient sorrow found surcease?

Though I be dumb, dost thou not know
What peace and silence mean for me—
Poor soul, a-toss 'twixt bliss and woe,
Cursed with the dower of constancy,

Who hath one plaint—and must be mute
Who hath one song—and may not sing!
Dear, you would weary of a lute
Which only owns a single string.
—New York Tribune.

THE TRUMPETER.

"Margarita!"

"Here!" came a child's voice from beneath a linden heavy with bloom.

Franz Hennig entered the shade where Margarita, with a sleek yellow cat for companion, sat knitting.

"What is that?" the lad asked.

"A stocking, stupid. Hast thou not eyes?" the child answered, affecting impatience.

"For me, then?" Franz captured the needles and scrutinized the work with covert amusement.

"They were to be thine, but they grew so small I'm afraid they will be only large enough for the cat," Margarita sighed.

"So! Well, little one, thou shalt knit me stockings another time." He looked dreamily across the garden to the quaint old house which for three years had been his home.

Three years of preparation for the university, three years of unremitting kindness from the busy housewife and her aged mother, who had opened their doors to the lonely student, three years brightened by the enthusiastic devotion of a little child. Now this chapter must close.

From down the village street came the rattle of drums, a bugle note and the sound of cheers.

"It is a band!" shouted Margarita, seizing pussy and preparing to leave the shade.

"Wait," Franz said, with a thrill in his tones. "I have something to say to thee, liebchen. Dost thou know what the drum is crying? It is war!"

"War?" she responded, with childish indifference. "The mother said this morning that the soldiers were going to France. But why dost thou care, dear Franz?"

"Herr Steinert returns to the army today," he said gravely.

"Then there will be no more lessons on the beautiful trumpet for thee! I am sorry. But don't mind. Thou wilt have me."

"Margarita," he said sorrowfully, "I shall not have thee, for I go too."

"Thou!" She stared with wide, incredulous eyes. "Surely, not thou!"

"Liebchen," he whispered huskily. "Liebchen, wouldst thou have me idle at home when the rest are going? Wouldst thou have me a coward? I have no father or mother, no sister to mourn for me, while many go from dear ones who can ill spare them."

"Thou hast the mother and grandmother—and thou hast me!" she sobbed.

"True, I have thee, and thou wilt be a brave little German maid and make my going happy."

"When wilt thou go?" she asked, bravely trying to suppress the sobs.

"This afternoon."

"And who will ride thy horse, Prinz, when thou art gone?"

"Prinz will go with me, for I shall try for the cavalry, as my father did before me. Hark to the trumpet! If I might go as trumpeter! To sound the charge—that would be glorious! But it is not possible, of course. I hope I shall be near Steinert. But come; it is time I was making ready."

The hours crept away with rapid preparations and tearful partings. Through the little town sounded hurrying feet eager voices, snatches of warsongs, rolling drum or bugle's blare. In the midst of the turmoil Margarita was missing.

"Where can she be?" queried Frau Krummer anxiously. "Margarita, Margarita, Franz is going!" But no childish voice responded.

"We must go," cautioned grandmother, tying her bonnet strings with trembling fingers. "Come, Lotte."

"Margarita!" shouted Franz, but only a mocking echo gave answer. With sad eyes he gazed once more about the dear home, then turned away.

At the little station all was confusion. Tearful women clung to the fathers, brothers, sweethearts, who laughed and joked with heavy hearts. The long train was laden with troops from farther south, all pressing forward to join the crown prince's army at Landau. The moment for departure was at hand.

"Auf Wiedersehen, then, dear friends," said Franz, pressing a hearty kiss upon the cheeks of the two women who had taken him into their hearts. "Margarita, you will give her my dear love. I wish"——

"Franz, wait!" cried a small voice, and Margarita clutched his arm.

"From thy mother's grave," she cried, thrusting a bunch of blue cornflowers into his hands.

For an instant he caught her up in his arms.

"Thanks, liebchen," he whispered, then, setting her down hastily, ran through the crowd and jumped upon the slowly moving train.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" he cried, waving the blue flowers above his blond head.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" echoed Margarita, trying to smile through her tears.

* * * * * *

Under the shelter of a friendly hill a detachment of Bavarian cavalry awaited the signal to charge. To the left sounded the continuous roar of musketry, punctuated by the detonations of artillery. From his post as right guide of the platoon Franz gazed along the lines of his comrades in dusty sky blue uniforms.

Only a month had he passed with the regiment, but the intelligence of the young student had already made him conspicuous, and the time had been long enough to knit his ties of friendship with the men. Only a month, but in that time the boy had become a man.

Gripping his saber hilt, he settled himself firmly in the saddle. The fire of German artillery, which had cannonaded the French infantry to prepare the way for the charge, was slackening. From over the hill Franz heard the fierce crack of the enemy's rifles.

On Franz's right waited the two trumpeters of the squadron. The nearer one, eager faced and alert, scanned the heavens, where shells shrieked above their heads.

"This will be a hot place if we don't move soon," he growled.

"There is a hotter place over the hill, Steinert," said Franz.

Steinert nodded. Just then the order came. Clear and ringing it was sounded by the chief trumpeter. Clear and ringing sounded the trumpets in response. With a great clatter the cavalry swept up the hill to plunge into the fiery rain below.

There came a shrill singing through the sulphurous air, a deafening crash, and a shell had exploded to the right. Before it fell Holtz, the farther trumpeter.

Steinert's horse recoiled, then plunged heavily forward, throwing his rider over his head. In an instant Steinert was on his feet and running by Franz's side. Behind him came thundering line upon line of galloping squadrons.

"Can you take me up?" gasped Steinert, unmindful of the red stain which widened on his side.

"Up!" cried Franz. He checked Prinz's pace an instant, and the trumpeter was mounted behind him. The sight of battle had entered the cavalry horse, and down the hill he clattered under the double load, soon fully abreast of the squadron.

"You are hurt!" cried Franz. "Put your arms around me. So."

A dimness spread before the keen eyes of Steinert. There was a humming in his ears. The heavens were growing black!

Again came the trumpet call. With a wavering effort Steinert raised his instrument, but found no strength to blow.

"Franz," he groaned, "sound the charge!"

There was no time for question. Seizing the trumpet, Franz raised it to his lips. Clear and strong his repetition of the call rang out above the turmoil.

"Bravo!" groaned Steinert. "Now let me drop."

Steinert's hands loosened their grasp. His strength ebbed fast. But Franz caught the flaccid hands firmly in his left fist and drew the limp form closer to his broad shoulders. He dropped the bridle rein upon his pommel, thrust his right arm through the cord of his trumpet, grasped his saber with that hand, and so met the shock of battle.

Nightfall found the army of the crown prince gathered in and around a French village, far from the ground on which Franz, after the first charge, had delivered Steinert to the ambulance, the nurses and the doctors. Through the successive actions of the day the young student had served as trumpeter.

Shouting, foraging for provisions, cheering, singing and laughing as though on a holiday, the Bavarian troopers surged through the little captured town. After darkness had come on Franz, pushing his way through the crowded thoroughfares, found himself before an inn where many of his comrades were eating. They shouted to him to enter.

Winking and blinking as he came from the darkness into the strong light, Franz failed to see the signal slyly given by a burly dragoon. There was a hasty scraping of chairs on the bare floor, a clatter of feet, and the survivors of Franz's squadron sprang to their feet.

With an uplifted sausage the signal was given. Then "Hoch! Hoch!" rolled through the room and reverberated in the corners. Smiling faces turned to greet Franz; eager hands drew him to a seat. Dazed, uncomprehending, he slipped into his chair, and only upon repeated explanations did he understand the cause of the demonstration.

"Why, man," growled the burly dragoon, "don't you know it was a brave thing to cripple yourself with Steinert in the midst of a charge? Ach, but it was fine!"

"He is my friend," answered Franz simply, "my comrade."

There was a stir at the door and the clatter of a saber upon the floor. In an instant every hand was raised in salute. It was the captain.

"I find that both trumpeters of this squadron were disabled early in the action today, yet a trumpet has sounded the orders as they were given. How was that?" In eager words the story was told, and Franz found himself hustled and shouldered until he stood before the captain. With some uneasiness he raised his eyes to his superior's face. Had he transgressed in taking upon himself another's office. But there was no severity in the answering glance.

"How came you to know the calls?" the captain asked kindly.

Franz told briefly of the lessons he had received from Steinert back in the fatherland.

"Then keep the place you have taken today, as Holtz is dead and Steinert too badly wounded for service. It pleases you, I see. It pleases me also. Good night!"

And again the room resounded to shouts, deep and sonorous, "Hoch, Hoch, Hoch!"

* * * * * *

A year! Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, laughter and tears, victory and defeat—these are its harvest. But above the sobs of those who will not be comforted rolls a tide of rejoicing. The troops are returning!

"Mother!"

An eager face was thrust in at the half opened door, followed after an interval of serious inspection by a small body. Margarita was unusually excited.

Her round cheeks burned cherry red, her blue eyes shone. She held the yellow cat tightly under one arm.

"Well, child, what is it?" asked her mother.

"Thou knowest godmother gave me money for a gold chain?" Margarita ventured, emphasizing her remark with a plaintive yowl from the compressed puss.

"Surely. It is high time it was bought. Tomorrow"——

"Mother," cried Margarita desperately, "I want the money for something else."

"What then?" asked Frau Krummer.

Margarita burst into tears, cast away the cat and clung to her arm.

"Do let me—do let me!" she sobbed. "Dear mother, let me go to Berlin with Frau Sucher and Frau Biedermann to meet the soldiers. I am a big girl now—9 years old, almost—and Frau Sucher will take care of me!"

She opened her previously hidden hand and revealed a little hoard of money.

"It will be enough, and Franz will be so glad to see me!" she said.

With round arms choking her into acquiescence and fresh lips pressed against her cheek, Frau Krummer considered the question.

Well, the good mother had a warm place in her heart for the lad who had no kin to rejoice over his homecoming. So when Frau Sucher went up to Berlin a small girl, beaming with joy, at her side gazed from above a huge bunch of cornflowers at the strange sights slipping past the car window.

For Margarita the journey was far from tedious. At every station, laughing, light hearted people crowded upon the train, all bound upon one errand—the welcome of Germany's warrior sons. When other amusements palled, the cornflowers were woven into a large wreath by Margarita's deft little fingers, and her heart swelled with joy at the thought that she would greet dear Franz on the morrow and make him forget that neither father nor mother nor sister nor sweetheart awaited his coming.

The morning dawned fair, and Frau Sucher and her charge were early abroad. They found the streets already thronged and gay with flowers and banners and lined with benches and platforms.

Frau Sucher established herself, with Margarita, as near the statue of Frederick the Great as possible, proceeding to make herself comfortable with her lunchbasket.

Far away sounded strains of martial music. The troops were passing around the old town wall. There was an eager movement in the throng. All faces turned by a common impulse toward the Brandenburg Thor. Yes, they were coming!

Carefully holding the blue wreath of cornflowers, Margarita craned her small neck, but, alas! could see nothing beyond a sea of heads. Tears of disappointment rose to her eyes.

After all, Franz would think himself forgotten in the general rejoicing! The journey would be in vain! It was not to be borne.

Slipping unnoticed from Frau Sucher's side, Margarita wormed her way through the crowd until she stood behind the police who mounted guard along the way.

Thrusting her head out as far as possible, she paid scant heed to the passing troops until the sky blue uniforms of the Bavarians filed by. Catching her breath with anxiety, she scrutinized the brave array. Among so many could she find her Franz?

Suddenly her heart gave a quick bound, for, with the sunlight dazzling his sad blue eyes and glinting from his shining trumpet, came Franz—browned, thinner and with a strange yellow down upon his lip. But Margarita knew him.

With a joyful cry she darted between two astonished policemen into the open space beyond. At this sudden apparition in white Prinz swerved sharply, then stretched out his head in recognition.

"Franz!" cried a childish voice. "Dear Franz!"

It was not a finished speech, but it served its purpose, for a loving welcome shone in the child's face, and high above her head she held the cornflower wreath.

All sadness faded from Franz's eyes.

"Margarita, liebchen!" he cried, and with a quick movement bent and caught the wreath before the laughing policemen led Margarita back to her distracted guardian.

No, he was not forgotten! Turning in the saddle, he kissed his hand to the child. Then with trumpet wreathed with the flowers the monarch most loved, with head erect and happiness in his heart, Franz Hennig, the trumpeter, rode before the aged emperor.—Marion Dickinson in Youth's Companion.

An Ant Army's Victory Over a Snake.

"While camping in Alabama during the late war," said Colonel Crossman of Dayton, O., "I witnessed an attack of a band of black ants upon a striped snake. One evening, while I was trying to go to sleep after a long day's march, I felt something move under my head. I lifted one corner of the blanket and found a snake between 3 and 4 feet in length. I quickly hit it with a small stick, but the reptile seemed hardly stunned, so I picked it up on the end of the stick and threw it about 15 feet away.

"The snake landed on a large ant hill. Almost instantly the ants poured forth from their nest, which was underneath, and began a vigorous attack upon the intruder, who was soon covered by scores of his assailants, biting him fearfully. The battle raged with fury, the snake writhing about in torture. The contest at first seemed an unequal one, for the snake was rapidly thinning out his persecutors; but, on the other hand, the ants were very numerous and quick in their aggressive movements. The snake, with one blow of his tail, would kill or wound a long line of ants, but the active little creatures were soon re-enforced by fresh troops and fought with a desperation wonderful to behold. I was astonished beyond measure to see the tactics of the ants. When they saw their numbers were being lessened, they dispatched couriers for fresh relays of soldiers, who appeared on the scene in due time to replace the killed or wounded. The moon, after a time, lit up the scene, but as there appeared no near termination of the struggle I gave up watching it and went to sleep. Before striking tents the next morning I went to look at the battle ground. The slain insects were scattered in every direction, but there were six or seven watchful ants upon the back of the snake, which lay stretched out dead near the ant hill."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great Recommendation.

Miss Dukane—I want to have some photographs taken. Where would you go?

Miss Humly—I'd go to Mr. Snapshot if I were you. He made some perfectly lovely pictures of me.

Miss Dukane—Did he really? Well, if he is such a clever artist as that, I'll go there too.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MINE OF LAGER BEER

IT WAS LOCATED IN BALTIMORE'S FAMOUS OLD HILL.

When It Was Uncovered, Residents of South Baltimore For Three Days Drank For Nothing—A Saloon In Federal Hill Which Evaded the Sunday Closing Law.

Famous old Federal hill, over in South Baltimore, was not always as it is, and many still remember its unsightly appearance when it was private property and sand and clay were dug from it to supply the glass works and potteries. This was before the war, but General Butler stopped the undermining when he camped there in 1862.

The only excavation that has been since made there was the magazine built by Colonel Duryea of the zouaves in 1863. This magazine was dug by John H. Walton, called "Groundmole" from the fact that for over 30 years he had been burrowing into Federal hill for the sand and clay.

In the early part of 1850 one of the periodical spasms of a rigid enforcement of all laws swept over the local police department in a virtuous wave, and the order for Sunday closing went forth.

After the populace had gone dry for almost two months a couple of young men felt that duty called them to the rescue of suffering humanity, and having by hard work succeeded in laying by a few dollars they invested it in beer for the public weal. They selected a cave having its entrance on Hughes street, near Covington, they walled up the sides of the entrance, a stout oaken door was put in place, and they took out a license and opened a saloon in the bowels of Federal hill.

As the summer months approached the "Underground" became more popular, as in the darkness of the cave it was always cool and dry, and the flicker of the tallow dips made a weird scene which was a novelty. On Sunday the big door was tightly closed and padlocked, and no violation of the law was noticeable. No other cave on Hughes or Covington street near the entrance to the "Underground" connected with it, and no one ever entered there on Sunday. But around on Warren and Johnson streets occasionally some one would enter the caves. There was no saloon on that side, however, and the police were not suspicious. Those who entered the hill went by many different tunnels to the northeastern part, and there they found, in a large amphitheater, lights and tables and many a jolly party telling stories and drinking in the cool, dry atmosphere of the cavern. From one of the many passageways that led off from this large subterranean room waiters came with the foaming glasses. Fifty feet down this passage was the bar. The business thrived for two years.

In the summer the air in the cave was cooler than it was outside, and in the winter it was warmer. All the year the "Underground" was the favorite resort. The two young men made money, and they increased their liquid stock. Toward the close of the second year they had $2,000 worth of beer stored away near Federal hill.

One night in April, 1852, there was a terrible thunderstorm. About 4 o'clock in the morning a crash shook the whole neighborhood, and when Adam Biddle went to his saloon under Federal hill the next morning he found that the door had been burst open by the weight of loose sand that had fallen and choked up the entrance. The huge padlock had been thrown across the street by the force, and it, with the broken staple, was picked up and is still in possession of Robert Henderson, who was then a mere boy.

Biddle, on discovering the ruin wrought by the storm, sought out his partner, George Snyder, and they tried to effect an entrance to the "Underground" through the other passages, but it was useless. The amphitheater was filled up and all the passages within 100 feet of it. The whole northeastern corner of the hill, at Covington and Hughes streets, had settled down.

With many a regret the buried beer was abandoned and in time forgotten. Biddle and Snyder went into other lines of business and afterward left the city.

One Sunday morning in the fall of 1858 two boys, one of whom was David Clark, now living at 223 Cross street, were playing on the hill. A fresh slide had occurred during the night and left an opening which seemed to be the top of a cave. With boyish glee, unmindful of the danger, they proceeded to explore the cave. They climbed down into the darkness, and as their eyes became used to the gloom they found themselves at the entrance to quite a cavern. They explored it and found it filled at one end with barrels half covered with sand. They soon climbed back out of the hole, and reaching the street told of their find to some young men standing on the corner of Hughes and Covington streets.

The news spread like wildfire. A "rescuing" party was formed, a big barrel was hauled from the cave, glasses appeared as if by magic, the bung was driven, and the amber fluid escaped, the thirsty residents of South Baltimore drinking their fill. There was no stint. Beer flowed like water truly, and as fast as one barrel was empty another was "rescued." The beer had aged and was heavy. The cool earth surrounding it had kept it sweet, and people came from all parts to drink at the fountain which flowed for them without money and without price.

For three days the carousal was continued. Then another caveln occurred, and the beer was again buried, this time probably forever, as no part of it has since been recovered, and piles have been driven into that part of the hill to sustain the terrace and prevent further landslides.—Baltimore World.

An Honest Quaker.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks. Therefore he avoided thee and hath departed from the house by another path."

CROWN BY THE ANCIENTS.

Asparagus Is a Vegetable with Something of a Perfume.

Of all the plants used for food, there is none which has been so long known, or has had so to say, so distinguished a career as is asparagus, says Chambers' Journal. Its record, in fact, reaches back to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B. C., and was a contemporary, though slightly older than, Aristophanes.

Among the Romans, also, the tasty vegetable was held in high esteem, next to the elder—not the gentleman who was of opinion that Pluto reasoned well, but his great-grandfather, who insisted upon the destruction of Carthage, and who was born 234 B. C.—wrote a work which is still extant, "De Re Rustica," and in it he treats at length of the virtues and proper cultivation of asparagus. Pliny, also, in his "Natural History," (about 60 A. D.), has much to say on the subject. "Of all the productions of your garden," he feelingly observes, "your chief care will be your asparagus," and he devotes several chapters and parts of chapters to its many beneficent qualities and the best modes of raising it.

He asserts that, even in his day, the soil about Ravenna was so favorable to its production that three heads grown in that district had been known to weigh a Roman pound. As, however, this pound seems to have been equal to only about eleven of our ounces, it would apparently have required four of the stocks to reach a pound of our weight; but this result, considering the state of horticulture in those days, may be looked upon as wonderful enough, and has, in point of fact, only been equaled in our own times.

HOME HINTS.

TOOTH powder is an excellent cleaner of fine filigree jewelry.

THE fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the finger; or still better, use a little lemon juice or ripe tomato.

A LITTLE alcohol will do wonders in brightening glass. Turpentine is excellent for washing sinks which have become dull and dirty.

IN a long experience I have found nothing that will clean brass so easily, quickly and satisfactorily as a paste called putty-pomade. It comes in small tin boxes and can be had of leading grocers.

RUBBER rings such as are used on fruit cans, often become hard and brittle. They can be restored by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: One part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

MISSING LINKS.

THE best bricks in the world are made by the tribes of Central Asia.

NEW YORK CITY has thirty-four thousand miles of underground wires.

EVERY American warship has an outfit of over one hundred and fifty flags.

IN England householders have to pay a tax on each male servant in their employ.

STREET bands are not permitted in Germany unless they accompany processions.

MONEY CAUSES TROUBLE.

Many Fierce Hatreds Begin at the Reading of the Will.

Of all things, after jealousy—of which, indeed, it is part and parcel, the visible substance of the unseen feeling—money is the most potent factor in the creation of domestic rows. To see a set of expectant heirs all waiting on the reading of the will, and to note the disappointment of those who have not been well endowed, and their frantic jealousy of and fiery anger against those who have, is to see an object lesson in human nature among the most saddening and degrading that exist.

By reason of those legacies all the former love is forgotten, and a hatred like to nothing so much as the fire of hell takes its place. Brothers and sisters glower at one another over the lump sum given to one and the small annuity doled out to another, with the thundering residuum that goes to perhaps the already richest member of the family, or the portion which creates the head out of one of the minor joints of the tail. How many affections have received their death blow by the side of that divided heap of money—where each legatee thought himself defrauded by all that the others had received, and where there were disappointed heads by as many as there were joints in the tail left in their natural condition.

It is an exceptional nature that can take coolly the disappointed expectation formed by vanity or cupidity of the legacy to come after such and such a death, writes Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the Queen. For, indeed, money is the touch-stone par excellence of character, and baser hopes do sometimes so often mingle in even with love where the lover is poor and the beloved is wealthy. Then comes the crash, and then follows the row; and flames burst out where the flowers once bloomed and the sweet waters once flowed.

A Human Songbird.

It is said of Alboni that she "warbled like a bird all day long." She used to sit in her garden and sing as she worked at lace making or some other feminine occupation, and the rent of the house adjoining her villa was raised a thousand francs because of the free musical entertainments thus furnished. In regard to her great size, her body became so unwieldly in her last years that she rose with difficulty from her chair, and usually had to be helped to rise. The great singer was so fond of the homely art of darning stockings that it was said she "would have darned stockings for the universe" if she had had time.

Another Yellow Jacket.

The "Yellow Jacket" of which Li Hung Chang was recently deprived is the symbol of Chinese royal and imperial favor, as well as of the highest power. It is a much-coveted and, therefore, little worn garment. The first Marquis Tseng Kow-fan rose so high in his opinion of the emperor of his day that his majesty drew off his own coat and placed it upon the worthy subject's back. To show his appreciation of the gift, and the manner of it, the marquis, who lived for many years, never allowed it to be removed from his back. Years later, it presented a local coating of its own—grease and indescribable filth. It had become from this cause as stiff as a board. When the marquis died his yellow coat was buried with him.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

FRIDAY, - - NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

Is Holland railroads are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

The Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Philadelphia, Thursday declared a semiannual dividend of two and a half per cent. in cash, making five per cent. for the year.

The State Fishery Commissioners have decided to require the sheriffs of several counties to make answer at court for their refusal or neglect to take proper steps for the arrest and punishment of people who have been violating the fishery laws of the comonwealth. The duties of sheriffs in such cases are very clearly defined.

The pavements in this city, relates the New York *Witness*, are never down very long before some enterprising contractor tears them up, but this time limit was probably reached last week. The stones had just been placed in position on one of the prominent streets by one gang of workmen, when another set followed and began tearing them up. Only fifteen minutes seperated the two jobs.

In issuing a warning to jubilant Republicans the Harrisburg *Patriot* says: Pray calm yourselves, gentlemen! In 1872 the Democratic party was torn as it never has been since. It couldn't unite on a presidential candidate and hadn't a solid resting place in a single nothern state with most of the southern ones equallyuncertain. It was beaten every where. But two years later it carried the lower house and won amazing victories in nearly every state from Massachusetts to the Pacific coast. Two years later it elected a president. Beware, rejoicing sinner, beware!

The New York Mercury mentions the obvious truth, which deserves iteration as an assurance to business interests, that "even if the Republicans elect the next President and control the senate they would be unable to repeal the Democratic tariff if the house of Representatives to be elected in 1896 should be Democratic." There is hardly any "if" in the matter, as the Republicans have not carried the house twice in succession during the last twenty-two years; and already the chief thought which their recent victory suggests to their leaders is as to what they shall do with it.

The reports of disagreement between President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle on the question of the necessity of making a new loan at this time are effusively denied. Such reports can generally be traced to a stock-jobbing source. There is no more convenient way of getting up a little flurry in the market than to misinterpret or misrepresent the sayings and doings of the head of the treasury department, whose task has been for the past year and a half made doubly arduous by having to meet extravagant outlay with deficient revenue,and an always impending terror over his head of outstanding demand notes in excess of the means of redemption.

Ambassador Thomas F. Bayard, speaking at Baltimore of the late election said: "I have had grave apprehensions as to the result of the recent elections for some time."

The ambassador said he had no idea that the change of power was lasting or even meant to be lasting. I don't want to run afoul of those gentlemen who are responsible for the delay in the passage of the tariff bill, but, as I say, the path of duty is unmistakable, and the necessity for pure Democratic tariff legislation was never so great as it is now.

The bills for free raw materials should be passed immediatly and then the country will be able to contemplate the Democratic idea of the tariff in full working order for two years before another national election rolls around.

If this is done, I have little fear that the verdict will be satisfactory in 1896."

A great question in New York just now with politicans is the reorganization of Tammany, and how to do it, and with what materials It is not likely that the Tammany society, polling over 100,000 votes at the late election, with over a century back of it of good and bad history, and with organization in every election precinct of New York, will harikari itself. The "*World*" prints a long interview with Henry D. Purroy, who is talked of as a new leader, in which he says that if Tammany is to be rehabilitated these things must cast out its mercenaries, find new and better leaders, draw to itself, if possible, such men as Grace, Whitney and Fairchild, and so reform its methods as to command the respect and devoted to principle rather than interest. That would be a new Tammany.

Judge Bakker, presiding in the Blair county court, rendered a decision of importance to business people. The suit was brought to recover on a promisory note for $445.16 with interest and the defendent claimed a set-off in the form of a book account amounting to $274.-84. The only evidence of this account was the firm's ledger book, the counter blotters having been common manilla books and destroyed after they had been used. His honor did not permit the case to go to the jury, but directed a verdict for the plaintiff of $550.16. His honor ruled that the ledger book was inadmissible in evidence to prove the account and that the book of original entry or the blotter formed the proper evidence. As merchants generally pay little care and attention to their blotters s ometimes burning and destroying them after use, this decision will lead the mercantile community to exercise a greater care and preservation over books of original entry.

The New York *Voice* the national organ of the Prohibition party gives the following views as to the causes of the great change at the late election.

The reasons for the avalaunche are, in our judgment, about as follows giving them in the order of their importance: First, the hard times; second, Democratic tinkering with the tariff bill: third, exposure of the methods of Gorman, Brice & Co , in their dealing with the sugar trust and other big corporate interests. Then it is a common thing for the country in the first congressional election held after a new administration has entered into power, to discipline the party in power by a striking defeat. At the time of Lincoln's first election the Republicans had a plurality of 62 in the lower house of congress. In the first election after he entered upon office that plurality was reduced to 9. When Grant became president for the first time, he found a Republican plurality in the low-house of 126. In the first congressional election that followed this plurality was reduced to 35, and in the first election after his second inauguration a Democratic plurality of 51 was returned. Hayes found a Republican plurality of 4, which in 1878 was changed to a Democratic plurality of 19. The rule did not hold for the congressional election following Garfield's inauguration nor for that following Cleveland's first inauguration. But after Harrison's inauguration a Republican plurality of 3 in the house of representatives was changed to a Democratic plurality of 147, and now Cleveland's second administration is followed by a change from a Democratic plurality of 94 in the late house to a Republican plurality estimated at 25. The moral of the whole affair is this: Whichever old party the country has in power, it wishes it had the other. It had the Republican party in power in 1884 and decided for a change. It had the Democrats in powe: in 1888, and, four years proving enough, another change was made. Two more years of Republican rule were ample to sicken the country, and a big Democratic victory followed in the congressional elections of 1890, and was emphasized by a Democratic avalanche in 1892. Now, after two years of Democratic administration, the nation's disgust is shown again, and probably it will be emphasized in 1896. Four years of continuous power by either party seems to be all the country will stand, and it seems to stand it for that long a term only because the constitution makes it impossible to get rid of an administration any sooner.

The first modern first-class ocean passenger steamship built in this country was successfully launched on Monday from Cramps shipyard near Philadelphia. The St. Louis is to be added to the fleet of the American Steamship company, and she is expected to take rank with those famous ocean "flyers" of English build, the New York and the Paris, of the same line, if not, indeed, to excel them. As she will be the first American built vessel of her class to fly the American flag, the launching was of unusual importance.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the president, christened the new boat and the president, the members of the cabinet and thousands of other prominent men from all parts of the country were present Not at any period in this country's history of merchant shipbuilding has there been an event of the kind of equal importance. Fven the launching of the famous crusier, the New York, was not attended by such pronounced demonstrations as were witnessed when the St. Louis took her first plunge into the water. It is estimated that 50,000 people witnessed the launching.

On the tariff question John Sherman is hedging as he gets before the people. "No duties should be levied for protection that are not needed for revenue," he said in his speech a few days ago at Akron, Ohio. "The principal object of a tariff," he added, "should be a revenue for the government and not a revenue for a few individuals. When there is a surplus the tariff should be reduced, and in no case should duties be imposed solely for the protection of an industry. No tariff at all should be placed on articles that we cannot produce, such as tea, coffee and spices." That is the kind of a defender of McKinleyism Sherman is on the stump. He is opposed to McKinleyism, as much so as General John B. Henderson. He is as much against a high protective tariff as the *Globe-Democrat* was in November, 1892, when it announced that the enactment of the McKinley bill was the greatest blunder ever committed by the Republican party.

The latest advices from Hawaii received at the legation at Washington show that the American union party, which represents the annexation sentiment in the islands, not only made a clean sweep, practically, in the election of October 28 but that there are few persons in the country who oppose annexation. Annexation to this country overshadows every other consideration. Private letters received from Honolulu show that the annexationists believe that their dream will be realized within the next two or three years at the farthest.

An interesting fact in connection with suffrage in the Hawaiian islands is the property and educational qualifications which attach to that privilege. One must have an annual income of $300 or taxable property valued at $1,500 before he can vote for senator and must read and write the English language before he is qualified to cast a vote for representative.

For two things the nation may be devoutly thankful. Populism has been overthrown, and Republicanism built so high on its narrow foundation that it will topple of its own unwieldiness. There are victories so complete that they are disastrous. The darkey who butted a grindstone broke the stone, but he also broke his neck.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1894 — President Cleveland is quietly attending to his official duties just as though there had never been such a thing as an election. He hasn't said a word on the subject to anyone who had authority to make it public, but it is certain that he has been doing a lot of thinking, and those able to read between the lines will be able to form a pretty good idea of the trend of his thoughts when, in a few weeks, his annaul message to congress shall be made public. While he has said nothing publicly, his closest personal friends have left the impression upon those with whom they have talked that the president does not consider himself in any way responsible for the unexpected Democratic defeat.

While few Democrats of any prominence care to be personally quoted on the subject of the elections, every one with whom your correspondent has come in contact agrees that the greatest single source of Democratic troubles has been the lack of harmony within the party, which was made so painfully apparant during the last session of congress. The result of the election is merely an application of the proverb —"United we stand, divided we fall," and the lesson must be taken to heart and profited by if the party calculates to go into campaign of '96 with a reasonable chance to win. "A house divided against itself must fall."

Senator Faulkner, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign committee, rises from the wreck to say a few words, which are both explanatory and wise. He says: "The history of politics will show that every landslide is the result of dissatisfaction, discontent and want of confidence of the majority party, whose action produces the result that surprises and astonishes the people —not by voting the opposite ticket, but simply by remaining away from the polls. The results of this election, when ascertained will, I am sure, verify this conclusion. We have as many voters in the country as we had in '92, who believe in the principles of the Democratic party, but the recent business paralysis, financial strigency, economic legislation—the benefits of which have not been developed—party dissentions, criminations and recriminations resulted in such apathy as to cause the stay-at home vote to produce the surprising result. That is my honest judgement If we hope for success in '96 we should mintain with fearlessness and determination the attitude we assumed in '92: let personal and party bickerings of the past bury their dead, and unite in an earnest effort to harmonize those difference which have so seriously affected our organization."

The returns from the elections were galling enough to Democrats in Washington, but there was another thing connected there with that was even more galling to Democrats. That was, that some of the loudest cheers from the crowds which surrounded the newspaper bulletins with all the eagerness of a presidential election, when the news was favorable to the Republicans, came from the mouths of Republicans who hold office under the Democratic administration.

The friends of Reed, Harrison and McKinley are very much alarmed at the prominence of Morton as a presidential canidate. They know that Tom Platt intended when he nominated Morton for governor of New York to push him for the presipential nomination of his party, if he succeeded in getting him elected governor, and they know that Morton's barrel will be on tap to the next republican national convention, and they fear it.

The Washington Democrats, who all belong to the never-say-die family, think they are playing in hard luck indeed, this week. They stood up under the election returns with all the stoicism with which they have in the past received a long string of national defeats, comforting themselves with the reflection "we'll lick 'em next time;" but they have heard something since that has caused not a few of them to use language not at all appropriate for an address to a Sunday School class. A few days ago a man born in Washington, and who has been a Democrat all his life, was appointed postmaster, the term of the Republican incumbent having expired some time ago. As he will be the first postmaster the local Democrats have had since the war, it was perfectly natural that some of his Democratic friends should entertain the hope of succeeding some of the numerous Republican employes of the postoffice after the Democratic postmaster takes hold, and just as natural that he should look forward with pleasure to appointing them.

It may be imagined then how they felt when informed that a new order, filtered through the Republican adjunct known as the civil service commission, limited the patronage of the postmaster to the appointment of about 10 men.

M.

Young Lady Instantly Killed.

Miss Nancy Madden, aged about 21 years, a daughter of Robert Madden, deceased, residing some three miles from Three Springs, was in that place on Saturday afternoon doing some shopping.

While on her return home about 4 o'clock she had occasion to cross the E. B. T. R. R. tracks about one-half mile east of Three Springs, and noting the rapid approach of a worktrain, halted for an instant, and then attempted to cross the tracks, when she was overtaken by the train and hurled some 50 feet in to an adjoining field. Her skull was crushed and death almost instantaneous.

The Cattle Prohibition.

Berlin, Nov. 14.—The correspondent in this city is informed upon good authority that the prohibition against the landing at German ports of American cattle and fresh beef will not be raised in the near future. The officials of the United States Embassy will submit all the arguments to expert testimony. The Hamburg-American Steamship Line and the merchants of Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, Stettin and Flensburg have filed protests against the prohibition.

10,000 Men Affected.

Dubois, Pa., Nov. 14.—Bell, Lewis & Yates have posted a notice notifying their miners here and at Punxsutawney and Reynoldsville that a reduction of 5 cents per ton will be made Friday, making the scale 35 cents. The cut will affect 10,000 men in the region.

This makes the price for mining the same as before the big strike and is the same that has been paid all along the Beech Creek region. The miners are holding a massmeeting to-day.

Washington, November 14.—The Japanese minister to-night received the following cablegram from the Japanese government; "Our army occupied Talien Wan on the afternoon of the 8th inst, having destroyed Chinese torpedoes. Our fleet, transports and torpedo boats, are safely anchored in the bay. Torpedo station, with igniting equipments, charts of sub-marine torpedo, eighty cannon and telephone line were captured.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Death by Electrocution.

Albany, Nov. 12.—Governor Flower is willing to allow experts to make a test to ascertain whether a man killed in the electric chair can be resuscitated. To the Associated Press representative he said: "I am perfectly willing to allow the experiment to be made, if it is in my power under the law. I think i would be a good thing to have this long standing controversy settled at once and forever."

Ever since the adoption of the electrical execution act by the state the Westinghouse people, whose dynamos are used, have declared that electricity was not the cause, but death resulted from the holding of an autopsy after the body had been taken from the electrical chair. No less authority than Nicola Testa, the famous electrician, contended that he could bring back to life a man supposed to be killed in an electrical chair, provided the attempt was made immediately after execution.

Mr. George Westinghouse has always ascertained electrical death was a sham, and that a New York commisson, headed by Elbridge T. Gerry, had added the antopsy clause to the law to make it certain that the man was dead. Within the last few weeks the agitation of the subject has again become prominent, and an appeal is to be made to the governor to allow the next man committed to death as a subject to be experimented on.

The attempt, if made, will undoubtedly create great excitement and interest in the scientific world. It will also arouse curiosity among laymen, because if successful it will bring to life a new man who can not be again executed, having once suffered the penalty of death. It will also prove that the state executioners have been the surgeons who have held the autopsy, rather than the state electrician.

New Issue of Bonds.

New York, Nov. 12.—According to good authority, the government bonds will be issued as soon as the details are perfected and the circulars are printed, probably on Wednesday morning. The issue will be fifty million of five per cent. bonds redeemable in ten years, and no upset price will be fixed by the government. Assurances have been received by the leaders in the movement which warrant the assertion that the issue will be largely oversubscribed and bids will be on a trifle better basis than three per cent.

The banks late to-day refused to make time loans on the rates which have prevailed, as it is expected that the portion of the fifty million gold paid for the bonds will be withdrawn from the New York banks and trust companies. This will raise the rate of interest, and, in anticipation of this result, the banks and trust companies decline to loan money until the effect upon interest rates can be fully calculated.

All bankers concur in the opinion that the withdrawal of nearly sixty million of money from general circulation will have more effect than in last January, as there is a better demand for money at present and the improving prospects of business indicate a still greater demand when the manufacturing for the spring business begins.

A Beaver-County Tragedy.

As the result of a tragedy on Saturday night at Vicary, a village of Beaver county, Henry Powell is dead, and Mrs. Sapira McLaughlin, with whom he boarded, at the point of death last night and may be dead by this time. Mrs. McLaughlin was a widow, and Powell was married, but did not live with his wife. An attachment sprung up between them, and it is said they lived as man and wife.

On Saturday evening he went to the house, and asked to see Mrs. McLaughlin alone. The two went to the kitchen and the other parties in the house retired. Some time later three shots were heard, and upon investigation Powell was found lying on the floor dead, with a bullet hole in his forehead, and Mrs. McLaughlin was unconscious with two bullet holes in her head. Jealousy is thought to have been the cause.

Don't Obey The Law.

Harrisburg, Nov. 12.—Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth Tilden is preparing a circular letter to be sent to the commissioners of every county, asking for several copies of the ballot voted last Tuesday, and proposes, if he secures full sets, to give one each to the chairmen of the different political state committees. Mr Tilden learns that some of the ballots did not conform strictly to law, because of the almost willful neglect on the part of some commissoners. In some of the counties the circle was omitted at the head of the ticket, and in others, in order to save space, the candidates of a party were placed under the heading of another party. His object is to have the party chairman insist hereafter on the strict carrying out of the letter of the law.

A Chicago Woman Claims.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Mrs. D. W. Moody, a Chicago woman, is preparing to lay claim to a modest fortune of 10,-000,000 in Streator, Ill., property. Mrs. Moody claims to have documentary proof that a tract of land in the heart of Streator was granted to her relatives by the government over sixty years ago, and the property was never legally transferred, and she will shortly bring suit in La Selle county for its recovery.

The tract consist of 160 acres and upon it are located several banks, an opera house, the city park, and the prominent retail stores of the city. Mrs. Moody says that the City Council of Streator has offered her $250,000 for her claim, but the offer was refused.

Wants $30,000 Damages.

Pittsburg, Nov. 12.—Another echo of the famous Homestead strike was heard to day by the suit of H. J. Bird for $30,-000 damages against the Carnegie Steel company. The plaintiff, a non-union workman, alleges that he was poisoned while working for defendants. He ate in the famous No. 5 restaurant and soon afterward became sick. He was ill until January, 1893, and could not work, and after that he could only work half time until April last, when he was discharged. He claims to have been reduced from a man weighing 140 pounds to 76 pounds.

News and Other Notings.

—An earthquake has done $250,000 worth of damages in the City of Mexico.

—Congressman Lafe Pence was ruled off the Democratic ticket in Colorado.

—A New York woman has been arrested charged with operating in green goods.

—A storm resembling a cyclone has occured in Louisianna doing much damage.

—By falling in his barn with a lantern, Henry Binder, of Ann Arbor, Mich., set his clothing on fire and was burned to death.

—There is reason to believe that Signor Crispi, Italy's prime minister, through the new czar, will seek to improve Italy's relations with Russia.

—A South American paper says there is a wide difference of opinion among importers as to whether it pays better in the long run to bribe the officers or to pay the duties.

—Henry Brittain, a farmer of Beaver county, Pa., in a battle with dogs he found among his sheep, shot and killed one and chocked another to death that attacked him.

—George S. Good of Lock Haven, Pa., and James Kerr, clerk of the national house of representatives, have secured the contract to construct 120 miles of railroad in Oklahoma.

—The 5-year-old daughter of W. H. Neely, of Sheaffer's Valley, Perry county, fell from a footlog into a stream recently and was not missed until after she had been drowned.

—Governor Pattison on Tuesday appointed ex-Judge Augustus S. Landis, of Hollidaysburg, a member of the Pardon Board, vice J. Henry Cochran, of Williamsport, resigned.

—The forest fires in Arkansas and north of Memphis have about spent their fury. The flames have burned to the banks of the Mississippi river and stopped. The damage is small.

—On Tuesday fifty head of blooded milk cows were dehorned at the state college dairy farm for the purpose of testing if it will make any appreciable difference in the milking qualities.

—J. H. Read, a freight conductor, and S. H. Blake, a brakeman on the Beech Creek railroad, were killed near Gordon Heights, by being run over by a train while setting on the track. Both were married and leave families.

—It is semi-officially announced that W. N. Bannard, superintendent of the Altoona division of the Pennsylvania railroad, has been tendered and has accepted the position of superintendent of the Buffalo division of the New York Central railroad.

—William W. Jones, of Woodstock, Va., for eight years a patient at the Western hospital for the insane in Staunton, Va., was thrown into a tub of boiling water by another insane inmate named Magruder and held there until fatally scalded. He died in terrible agony. Jones was 62 years old.

—Miss Nettie Parker, aged 89, formerly housekeeper for the late President James Buchanan, slipped and fell on Sunday while at work in her kitchen, breaking her thigh and sustaining other injuries which it is feared will prove fatal. Miss Parker is noted for her many charitable deeds.

—While several boys were hunting for rabbits in the woods near Benzette Saturday afternoon they found the body of a man hanging from the limb of an oak tree. The body has been identified as that of Fred Zeitler, a stonomason from Brockwayville. He was 45 years of age and unmarried.

—Three thousand Americans, including women and children, are reported to have been massacred in the Sassoun region, near Moosh, Turkish Armenia, during a recent attack by Turks. Twenty-five villages were destroyed. Turkish officials declare that the report is not true. The British ambassador is making inquires into the matter.

—The Richard K. Fox diamond championship belt, exhibited by James Corbett in the window of C. E. Sheriff's drug store, at Davenport, Iowa, was stolen Sunday night by unknown men. The belt was valued at $8,000. Corbett won the belt in fighting Sullivan and Mitchell, but had to win once more before it became his personal property.

—The DuBois *Courier* says it is only the middle of November and already more than a foot of snow has fallen, and out along the road between DuBois and Luthersburg it is piled up in drifts as is usual in January and February. There is not much snow in the roads, however, as it has all fallen in mud and has been pretty well stirred up and worn out.

—The new car house of the Trenton passenger railway company at Trenton, collapsed on Wednesday seriously injuring three men and probably fatally injuring another. James Stevens was taken out of the ruins badly crushed and unconscous. He cannot recover. The men were at at work on the building, which was almost finished. A defect in either the brick or iron work caused the collapse of the structure.

—Burglars made an unsuccessful attempt to rob the store of G. W. Cornelius at Shirleysburg, Friday night. They had made an entrance and succeeded in breaking off the handle of the safe when a neighbor across the street heard them and opened fire with a revolver. The burglars of whom there were four, fired a number of shots in return, but neither side suffered injury. The thieves secured but a few pennies, as they were disturbed too soon.

—John Beardon, aged 45 years, and his wife Lizzie, five years junior, died at Philadelphia on Tuesday from the effects of his burns received on Monday night at their home, No. 425 South Seventh street, where they conducted a restaurant. Both had been drinking during the day and when they retired it is supposed they upset a lamp while quarreling. The firemen say the couple could have easily escaped from the place, which was but slightly damaged, had they not been intoxicated.

WANTED Energetic men to sell our choice and complete line of Nursery Stock and seed potatoes. High salary and commission paid weekly. Paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men Special inducements to beginners. Experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not delay but apply to

ALLEN NURSERY CO.

Growers and Propagators, Rochester, N. Y.

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STRAY STEER.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Allegheny township, on or about the 15th day of October last, one red steer, without any particular marks, supposed to be two years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and take him away, or he will be disposed of according to law. ADAM RUDOLPH.

Allegheny township, Nov. 3d, 1894.

DR. BUCK,

SURGEON and SPECIALIST.

Treatment of all Chronic Afflictions, Diseases of Women and troubles requiring Surgical Aid. Office hours up to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M. 1222 12TH AVENUE, ALTOONA, Pa.

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B. & B.

Out-of-Town Buyers

Can have full advantage of recent unusual sacrifice purchases in

Dress Goods, Silks, Suitings.

Don't loose sight of the fact that OUR MAIL ORDER system is such as always enables mail order patrons to buy at the same low prices that city customers get over our counters. Greatest sacrifice purchase of ALL-WOOL AMERICAN SUITINGS known in our twenty-five years store-keeping experience.

When we say greatest we mean the best for the money.

$10,000 WORTH NEW, STYLISH MIXED SUITINGS, style, quality and color mixtures beyond anything ever offered at prive, 25c., 30c. and 35c. a yard.

IMPORTED ALL-WOOL ZIZ-ZAG CHECK SUITINGS. Small, neat design in ten different color mixtures, blue and gray, brown and fawn, myrtle and mahogany, brown and tan, brown and gold, brown and blue, red and blue, bronze and myrtle, wine and fawn, bronze and blue, handsome stylish suitings, away under value, regular $1.00 qualities, 46 inches wide,

50 cents a yard.

ZIZ-ZAG CHECK SUITINGS in larger size checks, imported, French materials, stylish, elegant materials in same range of colors as above, brought out to sell at $1.25, but by this fortunate deal we bought to sell, 46 inches wide.

75 cents a yard.

Write for samples of these and full lines of medium to finest imported fabrics to $3.50 per yard.

Elegant Silks, staple and novelty, the best American and foreign manufacturers have produced, 75c., $1.00, $1.25, up to $7.50 per yard.

OUR NEW FALL CATALOGUE. Yours free, for the asking. 'Twill assist greatly in your mail order purchasing. Shall we send it?

BOGGS & BUHL,

Allegheny, Pa.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To go to **QUINN'S,** Clinton street, Johnstown, to buy Carpets, Linoleums, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Blankets, Feathers, &c. Prices Reduced on All Goods, and **FREIGHT PAID** on All Large Packages.

JAMES QUINN.

JOHN PFISTER,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Hardware. Queensware,

MADE-UP CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

VEGETABLES IN SEASON,

HARNESS, ETC.,

OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,

CRESSON, PA.

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A Favorite

of Hospitals and Physicians.

Silver Age

Rye Whiskey

Noted for its purity and merits and is guaranteed by signature to be free from all adulterations.

MAX KLEIN,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

Druggists, Hotels and Dealers sell it at a uniform price of

$1.50 per full quart.

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FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.

WANTED.—Local and traveling salesmen to handle our Hardy Canadian Grown Nursery Stock.

We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Our Nurseries are the largest in the Dominion—over 700 acres. No substitution in orders Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time agents. Write us.

STONE & WELLINGTON,

Head office, Toronto, Canada.

The only Nursery in Canada having testing Orchards. 11 2m3.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, hereby all persons not to hunt, fish or trespass in any way on our premises, as we will prosecute to the full extent of the law.

H. B NOEL,
JOHN EEHE,
ALEXIUS WILL,
J. A. GLASS,
A. J. M'MULLEN,
HUGH M'NEELIS.

Clearfield township, March 9, 1894.

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no Knife: book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH, 165 Elm St. Cincinnati, O

Grand Clearance Sale!

On Friday, the 9th, and until further notice we will make a Special Reduction of 10 per cent. on all purchases to the amount of $5 or over throughout our entire stock.

Our Goods all new and desirable, bought for Cash, and marked at the lowest possible figures, but in this sale we reserve absolutely nothing.

Everything, including Dress Goods, Millinery, Coats, Wraps, Notions, Underwear, Ladies' and Children's Furnishings, &c., will be sold.

This is a genuine Clearing-out Sale in all Departments. Do not fail to take advantage of this grand opportunity. On all bills of $10 a saving of $1 in Cash.

MRS. R. E. JONES.

FARMERS!

TAKE NOTICE

When you want GOOD FLOUR take your grain to the OLD SHENKLE MILL in Ebensburg. The

FULL ROLLER PROCESS

for the manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg and turns out nothing but

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Bring in your grain and give us a trial. Each man's grain in ground separately and you get the Flour of your own wheat. If farmers wish to exchange grain for Flour they can do so. The Mill is running every day with the BEST OF POWER.

S. D. LUDWIG,

PROPRIETOR.

Men's Fall Clothing

FALL

SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Cassimers, Cheviots, Clays, Homespuns, Diagonals, Serge Twills, Tweeds, Flannels.

All the new shapes of Sacks, Cutaways, Regents and Prince Alberts. A perfect fit and reliable workmanship.

$7, $9, $10, $15 and $18.

Children's Suits, 4 to 14, 75c., 90c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.

A Grand Exhibit of Boys' Clothing—new and lovely styles for Fall. Buy your own and your Children's Hats of us. We guarantee you a positive saving of 25 per cent.

JOHN McCONNELL

1300 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING

LARGEST STOCK! FINEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY!

Our new Fall Stock will surprise all who see it by the extensive variety it offers in every line of goods which we carry. We will sell you fine Overcoats and Clothing at prices much lower than ever before. We have all the new styles in Hats. Our stock of Winter Underwear and Gents' Furnishings is immense.

It will pay you to come twenty-five miles to buy Clothing from us. Call and examine our goods and you will be convinced we will save you money.

C. A. SHARBAUGH,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

F. X. FEES'

Shaving Parlor,

Main Street, Near Post Office

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has opened a shaving par or on Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.

Your patronage solicited.

F. X. FEES.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investment when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage Securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call or address H. A. ENGLEHART, Ebensburg, Pa.

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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE CO. A. SCOTT, New York

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The wild geese are now southward bound.

R. H. Tudor, one of Ebensburg's oldest sons, is seriously ill.

William Jones brought down a 17 pound wild turkey on Monday.

James J. Rhoddy, of Ashville, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Monday.

F. J. Vaught, one of Altoona's popular firemen, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Monday.

Ex-Register and Recorder James M. Swope, of Jackson township, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. B. Wilber, of Ebensburg, circulates hot many friends in this town.—*Portage Sentinel Standard.*

A three-foot stack is to be built for the Ebensburg water works. John T. Davis has been given the contract.

The ordination of Rev. E. P. Grow, of the Christian church, of this place, has been deferred to his congregation.

But for that silly bird, the goose," remarks a philosopher, "how many things that ill befits the *Gosling*, as a reflection on its progenitors.

Accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of John Riddle, of Millwood, Westmoreland county, received a severe but not dangerous wound.

A man named Degraw living about three miles west of Ebensburg, brought to town on Thursday ten rabbits that he killed the day previous.

The property belonging to William Jones on Sample street, in the East Ward, was sold on Monday, but we understand but little money changed therefrom.

Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, of Greensburg, sister of Mrs. George F. Huff, fell on the pavement in front of her residence on Sunday, breaking her right thigh.

The Republican county man who fed a quantity of lime because he thought it was good for them, is now burying about one-third of them every two or three a day.

A. A. Barker, who was seriously ill, as was noted in last week's issue, is continued to his bed, but is resting as well as can be expected.

W. Conlter, Esq., Cambria county's efficient clerk, was in town on Monday, having paid up his residence in Johnstown on the 1st of January next.

Mrs. Maud Zahn entertained a number of her lady friends at her home in this place on Friday evening. It is unnecessary to say that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Free Reading Room opened on Monday. It is handsomely furnished, is supplied with reading matter, and the people of the town are invited to make use of it.

Daniel Crawford, a well-known citizen of Cambria county, who at one time was superintendent of the Portage railroad, died suddenly at Gray-port on Wednesday, aged 87 years.

The average crops of potatoes this year, according to an exhaustive investigation, will be more than 250,000,000 bushels short, as compared with the crops in 1893. In addition potatoes have not been so diseased for years.

Diphtheria is raging in Glen Campbell. Five cases are reported, and one is dying in each day. On account of the virulence of the disease it is impossible to secure nurses to attend the sick.

Nearly every hawk has its pin feathers up now, but it takes shy of the "speaker" on election day. It is only the blind hawk among the likes and that the *Gosling* opposes the most.

Tuesday while John Davis was hunting in Winterset he shot a swan, which dropped near where the railroad hands were working and they started after it but before they got to it the bird was dead.

A flock of thirteen wild turkeys attempting to fly across the Conemaugh river near Duncannon, struck the water and were all captured by enterprising citizens, save two that got away from the river.

Two men in Clearfield county, while hunting 0 Daugherty to assist them in shooting a deer, Patrick Dillon accidentally discharging his gun, sending a load into Daugherty's back, killing him a few hours after.

Between Tuesday night the bar room of Adam Bonn was entered by burglars and the till robbed of $2.11 the only change left on closing up the previous night's sales of liquor taken. The safe was also forced through a rear window.

R. E. Jones has another new ad. in this issue of the Freeman which will interest our lady readers. A full line of seasonable goods can be found at his store and it will be appreciated by those in need of such goods to call and see the stock.

Last Saturday morning the Methodist church, in Allegheny, and the building occupied by Hatch & Bro., and burned to the ground. The residence of Fred Hatch was also badly burned before the fire was extinguished.

Gen. Hastings is to address a meeting at Hastings about a hundred a day. Why the appointment of one kind of the hands of the governor-elect to address the meeting of the governor-elect General Hastings at Hastings on the expediency of taking to himself a wife.

Mr. Gerlach, of this place, has been conducting the negotiations for the sale of the steam tannery in Johnstown, of Pittsburg, and it will put the machinery about the first of January and run it to its full capacity.

Constable William Rodds, of the Berwind-White Coal Mining Co.'s mines at Dunlo, was attacked at a church, thieves entered his house and made away with his watch. John Milburn was arrested on suspicion of being one of the thieves.

The new school house built in Beulah township at a cost of $4,000 is now in use. Prof. T. Jones and is instructing the young by James Singer, a graduate of the new railroad town of Nanty-glo. Once more we are telling what the deserving deserve.

Jacob Hoover, aged 8 years, son of Daybrook, left home October 1st, and has not since his parents have heard concerning his whereabouts. He wears a dark suit, brown hat and shoes. Any information concerning the lad will be thankfully received by his parents.

The largest coal shafts in the Pennsylvania coal field is being sunk by the Berwind-White Coal Mining Co. It is estimated that it will take years to exhaust the supply, when in operation, it will produce 3,000 tons daily. The coal is of good quality, and the vein is nine feet in thickness.

—A hunter says: "A curious thing about a rabbit is that it always faces the sun, turning around slowly all day in order to do so. In hunting them in field this fact should be kept in mind and the ground gone over by the hunter with his back to the sun. He can then see the eyes of the rabbits in the bushes and they will glitter like big diamonds in the sunlight."

—William Paul, while ascending the shaft of the Henrietta Coal Company at Dunlo on Monday, stepped from the moving cage at the first landing. His feet slipped from under him and he fell backwards to the bottom, a distance of 65 feet, crushing in the entire top of his skull. Death was instaneous. He was a son of Sylvester Paul, living near Salix, and was about 20 years of age.

—Some time ago we mentioned the fact that 'Squire John A. Kennedy, a former resident of this place, but for a number of years a resident of Nodles county, Iowa, had been renominated by the Democracy of that county for register of deeds. We are glad to note that in the general wreck in which Democrats in every part of the country went down, Mr. Kennedy came out on top being re-elected by a majority of 358.

—The *Gosling* suggests that it would "be an up hill job for Hasson to demonstrate in the face of the facts that he is not an ape." It is but a few weeks ago since we heard a well-known Republican of Ebensburg say, after reading the *Gosling's* article in which it claimed that it was the McKinley law "which placed so much money in the till during Cleveland's first term," that "the editor was an ass," and it carried without a dissenting voice.

—On the farm of William Fleming, in Armstrong township, John King husked 1,140 bushels of corn in seventeen and one-half days, making an average of sixty-five and one-seventh bushels per day. His best day's husking was eighty-six bushels. Samuel Lyrie and John Russell measured this corn and certify to the statement being correct. They also measured off an acre in the corner of the field which yielded 145 bushels of corn.—*Indiana Times.*

—On Wednesday about noon the dwelling house of John R. Edwards, who resides on a farm about five miles north of Ebensburg, in Carroll township, caught fire from a defective flue and owing to a scarcity of water and no help was soon burned to the ground. Some few articles of household furniture were saved but nearly every thing was lost. The house was a plank building erected about twenty years ago, and was insured in the Cambria Mutual for $1,000.

—As previously announced the unveiling of the Cherrytree monument will take place on Friday afternoon. Besides the speakers previously announced—Governor Pattison, Governor-elect Hastings, ex-Governor Beaver and Hon. John P. Elkin —there will also be short talks by F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of Ebensburg; Thomas H. Murray, of Clearfield; Judge Harry White, of Indiana; Judge A. V. Barker, of Ebensburg; Judge Cyrus Gordon, of Clearfield, and others.

—A strange law suit will shortly begin at Johnstown that will recall the great flood of 1889. Last June a boy in the employ of Undertaker Loebrich found a jar in the cellar of the store containing $1,100 in $20 gold pieces. Mr. Loebrich took the money, telling the boy to say nothing and promising to divide. He failed to keep his promise and on Wednesday he told Louis Wehn, his next door neighbor. Now Wehn claims the money, saying he had it hidden in his own cellar at the time of the flood. The claimants will take case to court.

—Jacob Dunckle, a soldier living at Aaronsburg, Centre county, lost an eye in the war. At the time the injury was received the surgeon merely washed his eye, and the bullet was not probed for. On Thursday Mr. Dunckle took a coughing spell, and during the spasm, friends in his company noticed something drop from his mouth. On examination it was found to be a minnie ball, which had been lodged in the back part of his mouth, having found its way down from the eye.

—A terrible railroad accident occurred near Rockwood, Somerset county, on Wednesday evening of last week by which six trainmen were killed and two seriously injured. The accident was caused by a mistake of the trainmen in taking a train that was on a siding at Rockwood for the regular freight train. A head-end collision was the result, with six killed, two engines disabled and number of cars broken up. The wrecked cars contained a lot of cattle, many of which were killed and injured.

—The superintendent of public instruction has notified the secretaries of the boards of school directors in the several school districts of the state that the school directors may determine for themselves in all cases which days designated by law as public holidays shall be observed as school holidays in their respective districts. In case the schools are open for regular instruction on these days the time can be counted, reported and paid for the same as other days constituting a school month.

—John Weaver, aged 17 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Wilmore, died on Saturday afternoon. About two weeks ago John, while playing with a younger brother, put a silver half dollar in his mouth for the purpose of hiding it and accidentally swallowed it. The coin lodged in his stomach and every effort made by the physicians failed to give him relief and caused his death. His remains were interred in the Coleman cemetery on Monday afternoon, Rev. A. B. Erhard, of the Wilmore Lutheran church, officiating.

—The mysterious case of Mrs. Samuel Jack, of Worth township, Mercer county, who left her home on Monday of last week and was found in a hollow log, nearly dead, was not an abduction nor an assault. When she first recovered consciousness she refused to make any statement, but on Friday she told the whole story. She said she was tired of life, went into the woods, took a stone and tried to beat out her brains. Not succeeding, she became unconscious, and after lying two days and two nights on the ground she crawled into the log to die. She will recover.

—The Pennsylvania State Sportmen's Association held a meeting in Harrisburg on Thursday. At the next session of the legislature a bill will be introduced to create a game commission, which shall consist of six members to be appointed by the governor, the commission to have the power to appoint ten game wardens at a salary of $500 each. The commission shall receive only their necessary traveling expenses but the secretary will get $900 a year and have an office in Harrisburg. There will also be presented a county bill and supplement to the game law making it unlawful to kill squirrels or woodcock before October 1.

—Jeremiah Cochran and Peter Cochran, of Allegheny township, have entered a trespass suit in the county court at Hollidaysburg against A. J. McKee, John Loudon and James Stiffler, the board of directors of the poor of Blair county. The directors not long since purchased a spring from Seth R. Campbell and piped the water into the Almshouse reservoir. It ss alleged they appropriated the water that has been irrigating several farms in Carson valley, thereby rendering the land unproductive and unsalable. The plaintiffs claim $2,500 damages for injuries to their lands, and it is said suits will be brought by several other farmers who hold claims of a like nature. M. A. Young, Esq., represents the plaintiffs.—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

A Bear Shot.

James Campbell, of Dean township, drove down to Altoona on Saturday morning and carried with him as a trophy the carcass of a 300-pound black bear, whose earthly career had been brought to an end by a bullet from a rifle in the hands of his 14-year-old son. Mr. Campbell in an interview said: "We had been after the fellow for several days. The snow was just right for tracking, and we followed this fellow to his lair several times, but could not dislodge him until yesterday morning. Another man and myself got him out of his bed and gave him a hot chase through the woods. He gained on us, and we would likely have lost him had it not been for the boy. We had posted him at a point on the public road where the bear had crossed before, and sure enough he took the same track this time. We saw the bear scramble over the fence, and just as he cleared the road we heard a shot. The bear dropped in his tracks. He was dead by the time I reached him. The boy had sent a bullet through his heart. That boy can shoot, I tell you!"

A Big Suit.

There was brought to trial to-day in the supreme court before Justice Barrett and a jury an action brought in the name of William J. Hurst against the Cresson & Clearfield Coal and Coke company, a corporation organized under the laws of Pennsylvania, to recover $6,031.70, alleged to be due as commissions arising out of a large coal transaction.

John E. Ingersoll on June 18, 1891, at Boston made a contract with the coal and coke company to sell 200,000 tons of coal to the New England Railroad company for 15 cents a ton. He sold 106,510 tons. He says that the commission which he was entitled to, together with other expenses, amounted to $6,03170. He was paid $10,000 of this sum, but the company refused to pay the balance. He assigned his claim for this sum to Hurst, who brought suit upon it. Justice Barrett directed a verdict in favor of Hurst for $5,378.48. The commission for the sale of the coal was 14 cents a ton.—*New York Sun.*

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Thursday, November 15, 1894:

David Franklin Lucas, Coalport, and Sarah Dallie, Hastings.

Jacob Bolzier and Mary A. Krol, Johnstown.

Patrick Boucher and Maggie J. Crofton, Johnstown.

Irvin Clark and Sarah Cobaugh, Johnstown.

John Kukas, Johnstown, and Elizabeth Lukacs, Jackson township.

Richard L. W. Hoffman, Cumberland, Md., and Bessie Ann Palmer, Johnstown.

Wm. G. Stombaugh, Portage township, and Myrtle M. Lang, Blue Knob, Blair county.

Christopher E. Blough, Cambria county, and Viola N. Hoffman, Ferndale.

William J. Biddell and Lula E. Reed, Conemaugh.

Matthew Behe and Mary Weis, Carrolltown.

Thomas Dimond and Maggie Shiffauer, Johnstown.

A Big Strike Probable.

Another coal miners' strike of national proportions is probable from indications cropping out in mining circles. The demand of the coal operators of Western Pennsylvania that the men concede about all they won in the strike of last summer, the mines to be closed as an alternative, is meeting with a stout resistance from the men and the national officers are secretly gathering information as a preliminary to resistance to the demand.

Officers of the West Virginia district have received inquiry as to how their men would stand in case of strike, and in Ohio many miners dissatisfied with the settlement of last summer are ready to engage in another contest.

Last summer the West Virginia miners remained at work, but whether they would do so again is problematical.

Shot While Hunting.

On Sunday an accidental shooting affair occurred near Cross Forks by which one man lost his life. E. Daugherty and Patrick Dillon, both of that place, the latter bar clerk in Kirk's hotel, went out on a deer hunting expidition. Daugherty sighted a deer, shot at it, and broke its leg. He then called for Dillon, who was a short distance from him in the woods, to come with his gun and kill the deer. Dillon came running up behind Daugherty, and when within a few steps of his friend he stumbled, the gun discharging its contents into Daugherty's back. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the unfortunate man was shot and he lingered until 10 o'clock that night. Daugherty was 35 years old and leaves a wife and three children.

An Unknown Man Killed.

An unknown man was struck and instantly killed about 100 yards west of Portage station, on Wednesday evening, by train No. 25, carrying baggage and mail. He was a rather good looking man about 25 years of age, clean and well dressed. He wore a dark overcoat, brown coat, black pants and stripped cloth shirt. No money or papers were found on his person by which he could be identified. A small linen handkerchief with the letter K worked in one corner, also a small box of quinine bearing the label of J. H. Jet & Co., prescription druggist, Fort Madison, Ia., were the only things found in his clothes. From his appearance he was evidently a working man. The body was turned over to the poor authorities.

An Acre for a Slap.

The story of the difficulty between Judge White and Landlord Earhart, of the American House, which occurred last Thursday morning has been published all over the country, with many variations. The truth is that Judge White first passed the lie, which the landlord only resented by calling the Judge "another." It goes then that Judge White struck him on the mouth. Mr. Earhart's friends insisted that he should have the Judge arrested, and fined for his pugilistic exhibition, but we understand that the case has been compromised and settled in consideration of an acre of swamp land which Judge White surrenders to the sacacious landlord. There will be no prosecution.—*Indiana Democrat.*

Winter Excursion Tickets on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On November 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company placed on sale at all its principal ticket offices excursion tickets to all the prominent winter resorts. This territory includes the resorts of New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Cuba. The tickets are sold at the usual low rates.

The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania railroad, with its many connections, make this the favorite line for winter travel.

Almost a New York Daily.

That Democratic wonder, the New York *Weekly World*, has just changed its weekly into a twice-a-week paper, and you can get the two papers a week for the same old price—$1.00 a year.

Think of it! The news from New York right at your door fresh every three days —*104* papers a year.

The FREEMAN and the *World* will be sent to any address for one year $2.00.

Drumming Up Trade.

A hot mustard plaster is a good thing for it, Musty.—*Gosling.*

It may be, but as the *Gosling* owes its existance to profits from mustard plasters, etc., we would prefer some unbiased opinion.

Obituary.

DENNY.—Died at his home in Altoona on Friday evening, November 9th, 1894, at 6 P. M., Michael R. Denny, aged 32 years.

Mr. Denny had been ill only a short time and his death was unexpected. His demise was caused by typhoid fever, contracted while nursing his wife, who was suffering from the same disease. The deceased was born in Chest township, this county, July 3, 1862, and was therefore 32 years of age on his last birthday. When he was 2 years of age his parents moved to Altoona, where they lived 12 years and then moved back to Cambria county, returning to Altoona after a few years. Mr. Denny lived with his parents until they moved for a second time back to Altoona, when he went to Pittsburg and afterward to Buffalo, N. Y., and eventually returned to Altoona where he has been ever since, being employed in the clothing store of D. Gansman. He was married in 1891 to Theresa Bradley, of Gallitzin. Besides his wife and child, he is survived by his parents, Matthew and Mary Denny, and five sisters—Misses Mollie, Annie, Matilda, Stella and Loretto, all of Altoona; and four brothers—J. B., of Ebensburg; W. C., of Altoona; J. G., a student at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O., and Edward I., at home. Mr. Denny was a member of St. John's Catholic church and his remains were interred in St. John's cemetery on Monday morning after a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock.

EASLY.—Died at the residence of his son, J. C. Easly, Esq., in Carrolltown, on Wednesday, November 14, 1894, Hon. George W. Easly, aged 84 years.

As we only learned of the death of Judge Easly just before going to press we are unable to give but a meagre account of his life. He was born on the 24th of August, 1810, and when a young man located in Johnstown, where for many years he followed the business of carpenter and contractor, and as a business man was regarded with the high esteem which is sure to follow the leading of a pure and upright life. He served three terms (5 years each) as an associate judge of this county, was elected several times as poor director, and only retired from the latter office on account of the infirmities of age, which caused him to decline to accept a renomination. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was elected captain of a company that left Johnstown and saw active service at the front. On his return he took up his residence in Johnstown and served several terms as justice of the peace. He leaves to survive him two sons—John W., who lives in North Carolina, and James C., of Carrolltown, at whose residence the judge made his home during his last illness. His funeral will take place at Carrolltown on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, his last resting place being St. Benedict's cemetery, he having been a lifelong member of the Catholic church.

Real Estate Transfers.

Thos. W. Hagan to Hugh McNeelis, Gallitzin; consideration, $1,200.

Eugene Litzinger to James Griffin, Allegheny, $60.

Eurges Euszkanckus to Andrew Blazgs, Hastings, $4,700.

Catharine McGuire to Vincent Meloy, Chest Springs, $125.

Louisa Dishong to C. J. Scuable, Dale, $650.

Chest Creek Land & Improvement Company to B. E. Welsh, Patton, $250.

Patrick Farren to John C. Farren, Cambria, $1.

Henry Berkebile to J. P. Layman, Richland and Stonycreek townships, $182.

George C. Muller to John H. Myers, Upper Yoder township, $700.

Adam Myers to Caroline Colzer, Washington, $25.

Adam Myers to Charles Siska, Washington, $87.

Mertha F. Bheam to Otto Englebach, Morrellville, $400.

Nancy C. Tibbott to Otto Englebach, Morrellville, $450.

Wm. Gable to Patrick McCall, Summerhill borough, $300.

George Vincent to Agnes McMahon, Reade, $25.

Joseph J. Mangus to James A. Malin, Johnstown, $775.

R. F. Notley to J. D. Ritter, Barnesboro, $4,700.

Mountain Coal Co. to Ezra M. Gross, Adams, $1.

Yellow Run Coal Company to Ezra M. Gross, $1.

James Dunn to Susan Smith, Washington, $175.

Elizabeth Black to Hugh Jones, Summerhill, $2,745.

Daniel Dougherty to Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Cresson township, $1.

John Ashroft to Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Cresson township, $1.

Daniel S. McAnulty to David J. Boucher, Barnesboro, $100.

J. H. Speice to Thomas Brown, Barnesboro, $810.

The Gallitzin School Case.

On Monday the supreme court sitting in Pittsburg delivered an opinion sustaining Judge Barker, of this county, in his decision in the case of Hysong et al. vs. the directors and teachers of the Gallitzin school district. Judge Dean delivered the opinion, which was dissented from by Judge Williams. In the opinion Judge Dean said:

"This bill was filed to restrain the school directors of Gallitzin borough from permitting sectarian teaching in the common schools of the borough, and from employing as teachers Sisters or members of the Order of St. Joseph, a religious society of the Roman Catholic church. As to the fact admitted that of the eight teachers, six of them were Sisters of a religious order of the Catholic church and while teaching wore the habit of their order, the learned judge of the court below says: 'We conclude, as to this branch of the case, that in the absence of proof that religious sectarian instruction was imparted by them during school hours, or religious sectarian instruction engaged in, we cannot restrain by injunction members of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph from teaching in the public schools in the garb of their Order, nor the school directors from employing or permitting them to act in that capacity.'

"The legal conclusion is reached after an able and impartial opinion, in which the facts are reviewed and the law bearing on the subject very fully cited. The opinion is so convincing that it seems to us it must compel the assent of the unprejudiced mind, whether of layman or lawyer. In thus expressing our full accord with the learned president judge of the court below, we intimate no opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the action of the school board in selecting six Catholic school teachers, members of an exclusively religious order."

Killed on the Blacklick.

On last Sunday morning the first fatal accident on the Blacklick railroad occurred, Angelo Computo, a laborer employed on the branch now being built up Coal Pit run, being the victim. Computo had had entered a sod-house, or dug-out, for the purpose of getting some wood that was stored inside, and in some way loosened a prop that was its main support, when the structure fell upon him, crushing him to death.

His remains were coffined and brought to Ebensburg on the train on Monday afternoon, and there being no grave dug, were left in the Catholic church until Tuesday morning, when they were interred in the Catholic cemetery. He was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and three children in Italy.

Miscellaneous Notices.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in November, $1,000.00.

THOS. DAVIS, President.
LESTER LARIMER, Secretary. oct26

FOR SALE.
A pair Black Match Horses for sale cheap, 8 years old; will weigh from 1,200 to 1,300 each. For particulars inquire at the office of the FREEMAN. oct12.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENT.
Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property appraised and set apart for widows of decedents under the Act of Assembly of the 4th of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's office in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Martha Berry, widow of William Berry, late of Johnstown, deceased. $237.05.

2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Clara C. Dibert, widow of Walter J. Dibert, late of Johnstown, deceased. $300.00.

3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Lillie C. McAfoos, widow of Lorenzo E. McAfoos, late of Barnesboro, deceased. $300.00.

4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Mary S. Shirey, widow of Michael Shirey, late of Johnstown, deceased. $300.00.

5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Teresa Oriste, widow of Joseph Oriste, late of Cresson township, deceased. $300.00.

6. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Katharine Schaefer, widow of George S. Schaefer, late of Dale borough, deceased. $300.00.

7. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Ann J. Garrett, widow of William Garrett, late of Munster township, deceased. $300.00.

8. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Agnie E. and set apart to Agnie E. Shafler, widow of George Shaffer, late of Johnstown, deceased. $300.00.

9. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart to Rebecca Jane Webb, widow of John A. Webb, late of Johnstown, deceased. Personal property, $118.85. Real estate, $184.47.

10. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Mary Jones, widow of John J. Jones, late of Blacklick township, deceased. $225.09.

11. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart to Ada J. Gallaher, widow of A. D. Gallaher, late of Barnesboro, deceased. Personal property, $199 85. Real estate, $100.17.

12. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart to Mary Speicher, widow of Samuel Speicher, late of Richland township, deceased. Personal property, $32.25. Real estate, $215.00.

13. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart to Jennie E. Domford, widow of Thomas Domford, late of Johnstown, deceased. Personal property, $67.00. Real estate, $200.00.

14. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Eliza Bracken, widow of Stewart T. Bracken, late of Johnstown, deceased. $295.00.

DANIEL A. M'GOUGH, Register.
Register's office, Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 9, 1894.

An Ordinance

To authorize the Central Pennsylvania Telephone and Supply Company to erect and maintain poles for telephone lines in the Borough of Ashville, Cambria county, Penna.

Whereas, The Central Pennsylvania Telephone and Supply Company has applied to the authorities of the Borough of Ashville, Penna., for permission to erect poles and run wires on the same over or under the streets, lanes and alleys of said Borough as provided by the 4th Section of an Act entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporation" as amended by an Act approved 25th June, 1885.

Therefore be it ordained and enacted, By the Chief Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Ashville, Penna., and is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same.

Section 1.—That the Central Pennsylvania Telephone and Supply Company, its successors and assigns, its or their agents, servants and employes are permitted to erect and maintain in the streets, lanes and alleys of the borough of Ashville, Penna., and over or under the same, a line or line or lines of poles and wires, with all such necessary and usual fixtures therefor as may be necessary for the successful prosecution of a telephone or signal business by means of electricity.

Section 2. That the poles shall be reasonably straight and with the fixtures so to be erected shall be put in in a safe and substantial manner and shall be as neat in appearance as may be and shall be located by the street committee or the street commissioner under their direction in such manner as not to obstruct said streets, lanes and alleys in their ordinary and customary use and shall be erected, maintained and cared for at the cost and charge of said Company.

Ordained and enacted into an ordinance this twentieth day of October, A. D. 1894.

Attest: M. D. WILLS.
Secretary pro. tem. Pres. Borough Council.
Approved this 20th day of October, 1894.
Attest: JOSEPH E. LITZINGER.
Secretary pro tem. Chief Burgess.
Nov. 16, 1894.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.
The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894:

1. First and final account of H. B. Piper, guardian of Ira M. Beam, son of L. T. Beam, late of Johnstown, deceased.

2. Account of Lew J. Prosser, trustee of the estate of David Prosser, deceased.

3. First and partial account of Mary Owens and W. A. Owens, administrators of David Owens, late of Cambria township, deceased.

4. First and final account of Jacob M. Seese, administrator of Susannah Seese, late of Richland township, deceased.

5. First and final account of L. W. Boland, administrator and trustee of Conrad Boland, late of Carroll township, deceased.

6. First and partial account of N. S. George administrator of Samuel Varner, late of South Fork, deceased.

7. Second and partial account of William H Paul, administrator of Mary Goughnour, late of Stonycreek township, deceased.

8. First and final account of Erhard Zang, administrator of Charles Wess, late of the city of the city of Johnstown, deceased.

9. The account of Josephine Hoffman and Simon Vaught, administrators of Matthias Hoffman, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

10. First and final account of J. M. Shumaker, trustee to sell the real estate of which Joseph W. Lance died seized.

11. The second and final account of M. D. Kittell, administrator of Bernard McColgan, late of Wilmore borough, deceased.

DANIEL A. M'GOUGH, Register
Register's office, Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 9, 1894.

TRIAL LIST.
Second Monday in December—
Use Sanford vs. Fowell et al.
Wirtner & Baker vs. Hoes.
Woll vs. Erie City Iron Works.
Hott & Hros. vs. Hughes Bros.
Schoonover vs. Dean.
Ure Scanlan vs. Platt et al.
Osborn vs. Confer et al.
Snyder vs. Cambria Iron Co.
M'Donald vs. Hofecker.
Shoemaker vs. Fitzgerald Plaster Co.
Tigh et al. vs. Tigh.
Horner vs. Wilson.
Fick vs. Brown Bros. & Sims.
Wyland et al. vs. Decker.
Myers vs. Borough of Morrellville.
John H. Waters & Bros. vs. Fenn.
Ellison General Electric Co. vs. Cresswell.
Vincent Barstow & Co. vs. Creswell
Klepser & Co. vs. Cresswell.
Young et al. vs. Spenser.
Merchants National Bank vs Leahey
Kokos vs. Cresson Coal & Coke Co.
Banix vs. Cambria Iron Co.
Fearl vs. Clark.
Ritter vs. Notley.
Third week—
Pindle vs. Cambria Land Co.
Grosan vs. Edwards.
Gill vs. Irwin
Kutruff vs. Irwin.
Drass vs. M'Closkey
Lantsy vs. Spangler.

J. C. DAHBY, Prothonotary
Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 5th, 1894.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the following accounts hove been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on Monday, the third day of December next, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

First and final account of A. W. Buck, assignee of W. K. Jones.

First and final account of N. P. Freidhoff, assignee of Joseph M. Young.

First and final account of P. J. Dietrich, assignee of of Hogue B others.

First and final account of J. H. Merley, assignee of Felix A. Lee.

J. C. DAHBY, Prothonotary.
Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 4th, 1894.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of Joseph F. Fisher, administrator of Silas Nagle, deceased, will sit in the District Attorney's office, Court House, in Ebensburg, on Saturday Nov. 24th, 1894, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where those interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

H. H. MYERS, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.
Estate of Thomas D Myers, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Thomas D. Myers, deceased, late of the township of Washington, in Cambria, Pennsylvania, having been granted to me, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET E. MYERS.
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas D. Myers, deceased
Lilly, Pa., Nov. 16, 1894.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Dennis Leahy, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Dennis Leahy, deceased, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to me all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN LEAHY, JR.,
Lilly, Pa., Nov. 16, 1894. Executor.

FOR ALL THE NEWS, READ THE FREEMAN. $1.50 per year.

THIS FALL'S

BARGAINS

Beat All of the Many Startling Ones We Have Been Offering.

A Word to Economical Buyers Concerning Fall and Winter Goods.

Men's Suits.

For $5.50 we will sell you a Suit equal in make, material and style to any you have ever bought for for $7.50 or $8.00.

At $10.00 we will sell an elegant line of of Cassimers, Rough Cheviots, Unfinished Worsteds—Suits worth spot Cash $15.00.

Rough shifting Suits as low as $3.50, worth actual value to any one $5.50.

OUR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S Clothing Department

Is one mammoth selection of all styles of patterns and styles of makes at astonishing low prices.

Children's Double-Breasted Suits at $1.25 to $5.50.

Children's Overcoats, with or without Capes, $1.25 to $4.50.

Boys' Suits, all sizes, for $3.00 and up to $12.50.

Boys' Overcoats at any figure you want, as we have them to suit everybody.

PANTS.

We have a line that will attract everybody.

Men's working Pants for 75 cents.

Men's scuff or evening Pants for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

Men's fine dress Pants for $3.00 and up to $7.00.

Boys' knee Pants for 20 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, 95 cents.

OVERCOATS.

☞We can save you lots of money by buying your Overcoat from us.

Heavy Hersey Overcoats, blue or black, long, latest style, for $4.50 to $7.00.

Moscow Beaver, all wool, for $8.00.

ATTENTION!

☞Any Overcoat that we have left from last season we are willing to sacrifice 50 cents on the dollar on, thus:

$10.00 Overcoat for only....$5.00
5.00 Overcoat for..... 2.50
2.50 Overcoat for..... 1.75

SHIRTS.

We bought a job lot Laundried Shirts, very fancy, worth $1.00, will sell them off, for 50 cents.

Outing Shirts, full yard long, for 25 cents.

Solid duck Shirts, all colors for 25 cents.

Black satine, extra heavy, for 50 cents.

☞We can give you Underclothing to suit the cold weather for 50 cents per suit. These goods are all heavy, very soft and non-shrinking. Try it.

HATS AND CAPS.

If you want to wear latest, we have it, at a price to suit you. We sell Hats for $1.00 that formerly sold for $1.50.

Caps, extra heavy, for stormy weather, 25 cents.

Fur Caps, with peak, for 50 cents. You never bought one for less than $1.00.

DRY GOODS.

India blue Calicoes, all patterns, for 5 cents. Other stores sell them for 7 and 8 cents.

Dark Calicoes for 5 cents per yard

Turkey red oil Calicoes for 6 cents, former price, 8 cents.

Shaker Flannel, full yard wide, for 6 cents per yard.

Muslin, bleached or unbleached, full yard wide, for only 5 cents.

Lancaster Gingham for 6 cents per yard.

Dark Outing Cloth, 10 cents per yard.

Crash, bleached or unbleached, for 5 cents.

Cretonne, 8 cents, former price 15 cents per yard.

All wool dress Plaids for only 12 cents.

Handsome dark Satine for 12½ cents per yard.

Wool Cashmere, all colors, for 25 cents.

Ladies' Cloth, 48 inches wide, for 30 cents.

Surah Silk, all colors, for 40 cents.

Velvet, all colors, for 45 cents.

Stocking Yarn, all colors, 4 cuts for 25 cents.

Saxony Yarn, all colors, 3 cuts for 25 cents.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS

Ribbed Vests, long sleeves for 25 cents.

Fleece lined wool Vests, 50 cents.

Natural wool and scarlet vests for 75 cents.

Children's wool Hose, 10 cents.

Trimming Braid from 1 cent a yard up.

All sizes and colors ladies' Corsets from 48 cents to $1.00.

Ladies' wool Skirts for 75 cents, worth $1.25.

5-ply Carpet Chain, all colors, for 20 cents.

Gray Blankets, extra heavy, for 75 cents a pair.

White Blankets, extra heavy, 1¼ wide, for $1.50.

Yellow Blankets, all wool, extra heavy, $2.25.

Haps, all colors, from 50 cents to $3.25.

Special Drive in Ladies' Coats

All new styles, large puff sleeves, fur trimmed, tight fitting, extra large buttons, with very large roll collar, for $4.50 and up to $14.00.

A SACRIFICE!

☞Any Coat that we have left over from last season will be sold for one-half the original price, thus:

$7.00 Coat for..... ....$3.50
3.50 Coat for..... 1.75

FURNITURE.

We are stocked to our fullest capacity.

8-piece Bed-room Suite, all hardwood, for $20.

Cupboards, with role front, two sections, for $11.00—never was sold before for less $15.00.

A new style Sink, with two drawers, extra large basin, with lid—can be changed to a Sideboard when not in use—for only $8.00. In fact, our line is all new and complete.

SHOES. SHOES.

When in need of Shoes you can find a full selection in men's, ladies', boys' and children's. We quote you a few leaders:

Ladies' dongola tip, button, $1.25, worth $2.00.

Ladies' tip Bluchorette, $1.75, worth $2.50.

Ladies' hand turned butt, $2.50, worth $3.50.

Men's tip congress or lace, $1.25, worth $2.00.

Men's top sole brogan, 99 cents, worth $1.25.

Men's top sole grain lace, $1.65, worth $2.50.

Men's calf tip congress or lace, $2.00, worth $2.75.

Men's tip congress, all 6 in size, $1.00, worth $2.00.

We carry a full line of men's Kip Boots. Our line of Rubbers is complete.

An Invitation.

Our stock is as fair to look upon as a pretty maiden's face.

The newest, worthiest ideas of men's and women's wear are always in our store.

Take our $2

A FRIEND.

Oh, who does not esteem a friend,
Above all other things attend,
To speak to us when we are sad,
To rejoice with us when we are glad?

To mingle with our friends on earth,
In joy or sorrow, woe or mirth?
It is the meaning true of life,
We live within this world of strife.

But some people do not care to lend
And know no blessings of a friend,
But pass away the time till, lo!
Their days are done and they must go.

To him whoe'er mishap attend
And lives this life without a friend,
Of all the mishaps we recall,
'Twere better not to have been born at all.
—Homespun in Burlington Hawkeye.

DANGEROUS TOYS.

Gum Balloons and Bagpipes That Spread Loathsome Diseases.

There are few persons who walk along the streets of London whose attention has not been directed to the exceedingly ingenious toys which are sold by the itinerant venders for the delectation of children. One of these is a hollow tube of paper, furnished with a short piece of bamboo at one end, up to which it is coiled by the action of a very slight steel spring. On blowing into the bamboo the coil is unrolled and reaches forward nearly a yard. The sudden extension of this coil produced by blowing in it is a source of great amusement. Toy bagpipes are also popular contrivances. These are not blown in the usual way, but the breath of the performer is made to inflate a small india rubber ball, which, once blown into, supplies sufficient air to play a few bars of any popular tune.

Our contemporary, The Lancet, has called attention to the possible consequences of buying these toys, which, it says, are presented to a child after having been inflated by questionable breath, and perhaps wet with the moisture of the still more questionable lips of the vender. An infected mouthpiece, it says, has not unfrequently been known to be the origin of grave constitutional troubles. This is perfectly true. Persons who would hesitate to drink out of a glass that has been used will buy and present toys of this kind to their children, not knowing by whom they have been used or by what disease they may be contaminated. Among the impoverished makers and venders sore throats, diphtheria and contagious fevers in every stage may be raging, and children may contract fatal diseases even of a worse character than any we have mentioned by blowing and using these questionable toys. Surely it is only necessary to call attention of persons to the evil, for careful supervision would prevent the dissemination of loathsome disorders by these means.—London Queen.

In the Wrong Car.

A passenger on an up town electric car had reached her street and wanted to get out. The car was full of people standing in the aisle, and as she threaded her way they moved closer together to let her pass. She had nearly reached the door when she stumbled and fell. Another passenger who got out at the same street had just left her seat, and into this the woman who stumbled fell heavily on her face. She at once rose and looked for the obstruction and saw that it was a large sample case.

"A nice idea," she said angrily, "to put a great thing like that in the middle of the car for people to fall over. I've sprained my wrist striking on the car when I fell over it."

"Perhaps you think I should stand up and hold it," sneered a man who was comfortably seated, while a dozen women stood.

"No, sir; I think you should ride in a cattle car," said the angry woman as she escaped with her life and looked daggers after the retreating car.—Detroit Free Press

Girls Who Sell Their Hair.

"Do we have many girls come to sell their hair? Well, I should say so, but we don't make a business of buying on account of the risks we would have to run. I have had girls come to me and offer to sell their hair as it was on their heads. No; they don't get good prices, $1.50 to $2.50 being as much as I ever gave. I know of one case, however, where a well known society woman took a fancy to the hair of a young lady she met accidentally, and she paid the highest price I have ever known for a head of hair. The young lady in question had a luxuriant growth of golden brown hair, and one day she was approached by this lady, who was compelled to use false hair, who said to her, 'Miss ——, if at any time you desire to part with your hair, you can find a customer in me.' The young lady was in need of pin money at the time and said, 'Well, I am not particular about keeping it now, as it is a little too light for my taste.' So she agreed to have her hair cut, and in payment received $8.50. If girls could always get such a sum for their flowing locks, there would be a great many more short haired young ladies about the city."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have in some cases had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in diseases of the nose and throat. It has in a number of instances appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservatism is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.—New York Ledger.

There Was One Difference.

Perhaps the best natured and at the same time one of the wittiest rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as a respectable, venerable woman, just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."—Philadelphia Press.

Holmes on Shelley.

Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him, spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy, he seems like a seraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm, whose blackness is the abode of demons.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Hopeful.

"I am not suah whethah she loves me or not," said Willie Wibbles.

"Have you had any encouragement?"

"Yes, indeed. I am infohmed that she refers to me as 'it,' just as she does to her pet dog."—Washington Star.

The whiskers of a cat are supposed by some naturalists to be provided with nerves down to the tips, while others believe that the base of the hair is better fitted out with nerves than most other parts of the skin.

ASK YOUR HORSESHOER FOR THE NEVERSLIP THE ONLY SHOE FOR WINTER USE.

It ABSOLUTELY prevents slipping, and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver.

Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE,

Steel-Centered and SELF-SHARPENING

When worn out new Calks can be easily inserted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the blacksmith shop.

On receipt of postal will mail free our descriptive circular containing prices of Calked Shoes, ready to be nailed on, for trial, offered this winter at very low prices.

LADIES!

Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the *Mack Publishing Co.* 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated **"Ladies' Books."** It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household game **Verba.**

For ten cents they will also send a book containing complete words of "The Mikado," and music of its most popular songs, together with ten exquisite chromo cards.

QUINEPTUS!

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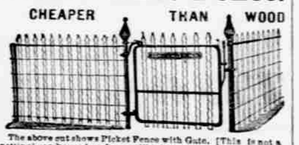

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OUT OF THE FLAMES.

A DEPARTMENT CAPTAIN TALKS ABOUT FIRE ESCAPES.

Some Sensible Advice to Women—What to Do When Caught In a Burning Building—It Is Well to Know How to Take Care of Yourself at Such a Time.

"Wrap the rope around the body, always put one hand below and one hand above on the rope, then slide," was the advice of Captain McAdam in reply to my query of how to get out of a burning building.

The question was provoked by seeing a number of blue coated firemen go speeding down a rope suspended from the sixth story of a building. They were testing fire escapes, and their ease and confidence made me wonder why some of this level headedness couldn't be imparted to women—or men either, for that matter—in cases of emergency.

So I went inside the great, admirably kept drilling rooms and interviewed the captain.

"Well," he added, "you can preach to women about the way to use ropes and fire escapes, but when a person is scared out of her senses you can't expect her to do calmly what she would tremble to do in time of safety.

"Why, I don't dare take a raw man and send him down from the sixth story for his trial. If I did, he would never appear again. I get him 'broke in' by commencing at the first, then increasing his slide, not reaching the seventh story for two weeks."

"Then you don't think it silly for people to forget all common sense in time of fire?" I asked.

"Never. No one realizes more than I the horrible feeling of being caught in a trap. Fire seems to demoralize the bravest. Women are just as brave as men, for I have known a man to rush down stairs, leaving a wife and five children, when if all of Hagenbeck's animals were placed in a field and his child among them he would dash over the fence alone to its rescue."

"What's best to remember?"

"First, how to use the ropes that are placed in hotel rooms and should be in every private residence. They are attached firmly to a link in the window. Should the rope be without appliances, simply drop it out of the window; then, sitting on the sill, place the rope around the body under the arms. Make no loop, only pass the long end of the rope over the other in front of the chest. As you lower yourself place the right hand firmly on the end of the rope, which reaches to the ground. This prevents the rope from slipping off the body. Throw the weight of the body on that hand and guide with the left, which is on the upper end of the rope. The friction of the ropes passing each other over the chest prevents a too rapid descent, and thus the hands are saved from severe blistering, for as soon as the rope cuts through the flesh man or woman will let go; the agony is too great. In descending keep the body near the wall and break the slide by scraping the feet along the walls."

"Suppose the fire broke out from a window below while the person is coming down—then what?"

"The only thing is to swing close to the wall until the heat is too intense, then give the body a herculean push outward by the feet from the wall. The momentum will send the body flying out into space, clear of the flames; then slide just as fast as rope and gravitation will take you, even if the hands are cut. It is the only safe measure. There is no time to take any other precaution."

Captain McAdam, however, does not approve of the plain rope. Of course the iron fire escape is every fireman's preference, if it is free, but sometimes it supports a mob that is equally dangerous. Again, certain occupants are cut off from it by fire, so next to this comes a rope, attached to an iron pulley, which in turn is fastened to a hook in the window. One end of the rope is thrown to the ground; the other has a small loop which can be quickly pulled to fit the body. It is slipped under the arms and the body lowered. No holding on is necessary, for it is the primitive science of a bucket on a pulley line going down a well. The rope goes around several small wheels inside the pulley, which materially check the run of the rope, limiting it to ten feet in ten seconds. The noose can't slip off the body. The wheels must go around as long as the weight is there, and, to quote the captain, "Kick and holler as she will, she's bound to come down."

"In case of being caught by the fire, captain, what is the best thing to do? Put a wet blanket around yourself and run through it?"

"Theoretically that is fine," he answered, "but remember that it takes buckets of water to soak a blanket, and if there is not a bath tub near to accomplish this no few pitchers are adequate. So next best is to wrap the head up in coat or anything woolen. This keeps out the fire and not the air from the lungs, and the greater danger comes from the former being inhaled.

"Should the smoke commence to fill the room and you want to crawl to another part of the building, drop on your hands and knees and crawl as close to the floor as possible, for the smoke goes first to the top and to the floor last, so that much time is secured. If all escape seems cut off, put on woolen clothes, hold a piece of flannel over the mouth and nose, stand at the most prominent window and call for help. A fireman will speedily come by ways you never thought of and deliver you."—H. Hallmark in Chicago Record.

Thunder Doesn't Sour Milk.

Science has disproved the rural belief that thunder sours milk. It is now known that the souring results from a fungous growth, and that this fungus is peculiarly fatal to nursing children. The old time rural belief was that the concussion from thunder acted mechanically upon the milk and first soured and then solidified it. The theory is a plausible one, easily derived from observing one set of facts without knowing the existence of others more important to the situation. It happens that milk sours during or just after thunderstorms because the atmospheric conditions then prevailing are usually of a kind favorable to the rapid development of the fungous growth that sours milk.—Philadelphia Press.

A Misapplied Text.

The October brew of homemade beer was the celebrated one in Bucks, and the farmer made it of sufficient strength by means of eight bushels of malt to the hogshead of 54 imperial gallons. Once, in an outlying village in Bucks, the rector on a certain Sunday gave out as the text, "First Hebrews, 9 and 10," Whereupon an old fashioned farmer, renowned for his good tap, called out: "And a very pretty tipple too. I brews eight!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Dear Child.

Clergyman (anxious to compliment the host of a Sunday school outing)—Now, can any child tell me to what one person we are most indebted for the great crowd of happy and smiling faces that are gathered here today?

Dear Child—Adam.—London Tit-Bits.

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Dutchess Trousers

Captured the medals at the World's Fair, 1893. Whatever the posture, style and ease are the same Always in shape at work or in play.

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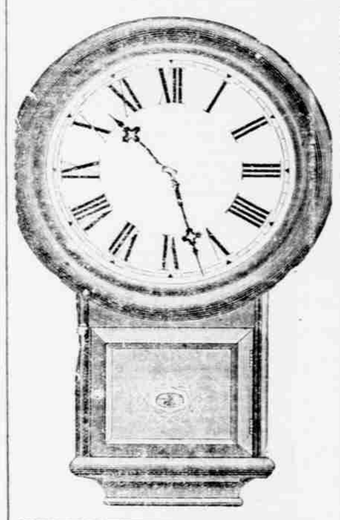

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HE'S A FIGHTER FROM WAY BACK.

To Land the Mackinaw Trout There Must Be Stout Tackle and No Slack Line.

"If the Mackinaw trout could be fished for with a light rod and tackle, as salmon are," said a New Yorker who has tried those game Lake Michigan fish, "the title of the salmon as king of game fish would fall at once. The Mackinaw trout is stronger than the salmon of greater average weight, equally tactful and as fierce a fighter as that Goliath of fresh water fish, the muskellunge. A bout with one of the trout at the end of a hundred feet of line on a supple split bamboo rod would give the sturdiest salmon fisherman enough of hard and exciting work to satisfy him for the day. Eighteen, 20 and even 25 pounders are by no means uncommon, and 30 pounders excite no more than ordinary comment.

"But the Mackinaw trout, like the salmon trout of the New York lakes, isn't built for fine tackle, and if you want him you must work the oars of a boat faithfully and trail your whirling troll at the end of 200 or 300 feet of heavy line in from 50 to 100 feet of water. Sometimes the fisherman ties his line to his leg as he rows his boat, but the usual style is to hold it in his mouth—that is, if he is fishing for trout anywhere on the lake but Traverse bay.

"From time out of mind Mackinaw trout have been fished for in Lake Michigan with a slender, minnow shaped troll, so made that it will whirl rapidly when drawn through the water and fastened to a staring white line as big around as a lead pencil. A good many fishermen had held for years that this trolling line was a detriment to fishing, as it acted as a menace to the trout, which are shy and wary, and that with a line less in evidence in the clear waters of the lake greater success would attend the sport of Mackinaw trout fishing. But no one seemed courageous enough to try any other kind of a line until a few years ago, when a citizen of Traverse City, who was not a fisherman, made up his mind that he knew how more and bigger trout could be caught, and he went fishing one day with a fine copper wire for his line instead of the staring white twine of the fathers. This wire was absolutely invisible in the water, and when let out with the troll carried no suspicion to the Mackinaw trout's watchful eye. The result was that this citizen came ashore with a boatload of the biggest Mackinaw trout any one had ever seen in one lot from Traverse bay. Since then the fishermen in that part have adopted the copper wire for a trolling line, but elsewhere on the lake the hidebound old sportsmen stick to tradition and white twine.

"There is no mistaking the strike of a Mackinaw trout on the troll, and the instant he makes it all other business must be subordinated to that of getting him safe into the boat. In the expressive and comprehensive parlance of the Lake Michigan fishermen, 'You've got to keep a Mackinaw trout a-goin.' It is no easy matter to keep a 15 or 20 pound Mackinaw trout going, and the inexperienced angler will find that the first thing he knows the trout will be 'keepin him a-goin.' If the big fish gets the least bit of slack line, he will turn and dash away, sometimes actually pulling the boat around, if not towing it. Once headed away from the fisherman, this game and lusty fish rarely fails to break the hold of the hook. The angler who can keep his trout going as he hauls in the line hand over hand may get his prize alongside or within spearing or shooting distance in the course of 15 or 20 minutes.

"The Mackinaw trout fishermen never take the risk even of gaffing a big trout. Indeed some carry revolvers of large caliber, and when the trout is hauled alongside the boat or within safe range they shoot it in the head and put the fight beyond all question. Others spear their catches with long handed, sharp tined gigs."—New York Sun.

The Work of Dust.

Dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It is what makes the clear sky appear blue, and when we look up into the sky we see the dust in the atmosphere illuminated by the sun. There is nothing else before us that can permit the light to reach the eye. Light goes invisible, straight through all gases, whatever their chemical composition. The dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The sky would be as dark as or darker than we see it in the finest moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately upon this dark background, and the same sharp contrast would prevail upon the illuminated surface of the earth—blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not.

Only the light of the moon and the stars, which would remain visible in the daytime, would be able to temper this contrast in a slight degree. The illumination of the earth's surface would be like that we see with the telescope on the lunar landscapes, for the moon has no atmospheric envelope that can hold floating dust. We then owe to dust the even moderately tempered daylight, adapted now to our eyes, and it is that which contributes much to the beauty of our landscape scenery.—Dr. P. Lenard in Popular Science Monthly.

An Anecdote of Shelley.

The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navvy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced:

"I have put my hand into the hamper. I have looked on the sacred barley. I have eaten out of the drum. I have drunk and am well pleased. I have said 'Knox Ompax,' and it is finished."

The effect was magical. The astonished Irishman fell back. His friends began to question him. "What barley?" "Where's the hamper?" "What have you been drinking?" and Shelley walked away unmolested.—Junior.

Salt as a Remedy.

Common salt as a remedy for "brow ague," that distressing form of headache, has lately been extolled by some physicians. The idea in increasing the amount of the salt used with the food was that of augmenting the hydrochloric acid in the juice of the stomach—at least considerable success is claimed for this remedy, which, however, it is needless to say, will not operate successfully in all cases. By the way, sniffing a little finely powdered salt up the nostril of the affected side has been found to cure the pain in neuralgia of the face.—Family Magazine.

For Foreigners.

"You were born in America?" Dennis—Yes, sir.

"Parents foreigners?"

Dennis—No, indade! They're Irish.—Christian World.

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Every Man of sense who merely compares the old pull-out bow and the new

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will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!"

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Philadelphia Express, daily	8 12 p m

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Johnstown Accommodation, week days	8 14 a m
Pacific Express, daily	8 27 a m
Way Passenger, week days	2 36 p m
Mail Train, week days	4 20 p m
Fast Line, daily	8 28 p m
Johnstown Accommodation, week days	8 34 p m

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Trains leaves as follows: 7.20, 10.20 a. m., and 3.30 p. m. and arrive at Cresson at 7.57, 10.55 a. m. and 4.05 p. m. Leave Cresson at 9.30, 11.30 a. m. and 5.30 p. m., and arrive at Ebensburg at 10.05 a. m. and 12.15 and 6.05 p. m.

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NAPOLEONIC STOCK

HIS FATHER WAS A PATRICIAN HIS MOTHER A PEASANT

But the Latter Was Cast In a Heroic Mold, and From Her the Son Inherited Tremendous Physical Endowment. She Was Mother of a Large Family.

Of the father and mother of the emperor Professor W. M. Sloane gives us as follows in Century:

Certain undisputed facts throw strong light on Napoleon's father. The people were proud and poor. In spite of the hardships of poverty with dignity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first aspired to ambitions and has himself described in a diploma as a patrician of Florence, Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his future, he ed his own inclination, and before the age of 18, rashly perhaps, but evidently, wedded a lowly and beautiful child of 15, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal if not superior to his. She was of peasant nature to the last. Yet the hospitality of her little home in her long life—hardly, however, of Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently frugal and sometimes unseemly. Among the many guests who themselves of it was Marbeuf, governor in Corsica of the first occupation. There was long talk of a malicious tradition that the general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her personal name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the slander sufficiently refutes such an imputation it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mould. Juno in her majesty, unmoved by adversity, undaunted in adversity, she probably to his mother, whom he early resembled in childhood, that famous son owed his tremendous energy, gantic, physical endurance. If his mother was reproduced the Roman matron, in the sons was called the virtues and vigor of the operator.

After their marriage the young pair resided in Corte, where important events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an ambitious temperament, the husband was soon drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli and displayed a temperament enthusiasm, but far more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made its final submission to the two French generals, Marbeuf and Vaux, who had through Buonaparte that the misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to return to the new government, to return to their homes and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was the precipitate naturalization of the family as a French citizen which made Napoleon a Frenchman. Less than nine months afterward, on Aug. 15, the fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio.

The resources of the Buonapartes they still wrote themselves, were, although their family and expenses were large. An only child, Letitia inherited her father's little kingdom his vineyards in the suburbs. Her mother had married a second time, her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to keep the woman of his choice in the Roman Catholic and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half brother Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was owner of lands in the interior, but these were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy abbé, had died childless, leaving his property to the Jesuits, and they had refused to enter into possession. Another uncle, by the terms of his grandfather's will, received the bequest was void, for the former had died to fall in such a case to Charles and on her death to Charles and Joseph, his father, had waited many years and most of his fortune in litigation to recover the property. Charles, undaunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, viz., the case pending for a livelihood in his profession, small patrimony. He became a member of the highest court as assessor and was made in 1772 a member and subsequently deputy of the council of Corsica.

The peasant mother was more than a match for the world. Her eldest child, born in 1768, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1769 she bore a daughter, Marie Anne, who lived to the same fate; in 1768 a son, Napoleone, later as Joseph, but baptized with the name of Lucien, and in 1769 the great son, Napoleon. Nine other children were the issue of the same wedlock, and six of these were three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elise, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share the fortune of their brother's greatness. Charles himself and his short lived ancestors—of whom his father died within a century—reached the early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the statesman that she was, lived to the ripe age of 86 in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the name of Mme. Mere.

and His Mother.

The poet Whittier was a great walker and a tender hearted man. He told this amusing story of his mother's voyage by steamer to Portland:

"My mother," he said, "was unaccustomed to traveling by water, and she had on a new Quaker bonnet made by a Friend for the journey. When we were well out to sea, she became very uncomfortable, and took off her new bonnet and put it carefully on a chair beside her.

"Her discomfort increased, and she changed her position and saw the water on the new bonnet. These bonnets won't bear sitting on," she said, "and I can't afford to buy too much for the good woman at home.'

"'John, I want thee to take me home.'

"'But, mother, we are way out to sea. I can't take thee home.'

"'Can't thee get the boat to turn round? I feel very sick, and my best bunnit will never do to wear to Aunt Smith's in Portland.'

"'No, mother; thee'll have to make the best of it now.'

"'Oh, John, thee must never take me again on the water. I do hope the Lord shall live to get home.'"—Youth's Companion.

Much Improved.

From the report of a missionary in Africa:

"My congregation refuse to eat cannibalism, but I have succeeded so far impreving their tastes that they eat with knives and forks."—Bradford (Pa.) Telegram.

The word Minneapolis is a combination of an Indian word meaning water and a Greek word meaning city.